





# THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Proprietor.

It was easy enough for us to whip Spain, but it's a long, hard job to find out how we did it.

Are you a cane or a beet sugarite? It begins to look as if people would be compelled to take sides.

Many a man has strained himself trying to live up to the supposition that he looked like Napoleon.

Man learns to put his foot in his mouth before he learns to talk, and he seldom gets over the habit.

After a man succeeds he says that he regarded every defeat as a step toward victory. But he was careful to take as few steps as possible.

It is an easy guess that American locomotives are going to chase out the native locomotives in India, for the former are to be given a trial there.

The State entomologist of Georgia says that within a few years that State will have a hundred million fruit trees. Gracious, what times the boys will have.

If farmers would make a practice of signing no papers for strangers there would be less liability of being swindled. If a stranger is honest he will not ask for signatures.

The microbe sharps say that for an all-around, unparalleled atrocity the milkman with whiskers is easily to the fore. It seems that the bacilli are supposed to give into the milk from his facial undergrowth.

Miss Clara Wilson Kretzinger says the last century was barbarous, and points for proof of her assertion to football. Fourth of July fireworks and hazing. She might have included jewelry, jangling belt hardware and the Monday bargain counter scramble.

Mr. Astor cannot be a peer of England because the law prohibits naturalized subjects from attaining to that dignity. Mr. Astor has tried so hard to get away from his fur and felt ancestry that he has brought it to the notice of all the world and got nothing else for his pains except disappointment. It is a wise son who accepts his own pedigree.

An American laundry-machine company has recently shipped a complete steam-laundry plant to Vladivostok, Eastern Siberia. It will be capable of handling 4,000 pieces of linen a day, and will consist of washers, centrifugal wringers and a large mangle. This is said to be the first introduction of such an equipment into that region. If so, it is doubtless a case of "Wringing out the old, wringing in the new," slightly to amend Tennyson's familiar lines.

Three hundred young women of Chicago who are all to become public school teachers were recently pronounced physically perfect, including nerves and eyesight. Never before had so large a proportion of the number to be examined passed the required tests. At the New York Normal School inquiries recently elicited the fact that nineteen-twentieths of the girl pupils were taller than their mothers. The heroines of the English novels of a century ago were as weak physically as they were mentally. The modern girl is wholesome and strong in body and in mind.

The genius of Americanism, as exemplified in Canton, is put into words by one of the Congressmen who escorted the body of the late President home to Ohio. "Mr. McKinley's plain and unpretentious house," he said, "had evidently been enlarged to meet increasing prosperity, so that it bore the stamp of the normal condition of our American life, small, modest beginnings, and gradual and steady improvement. At the cemetery there was the simple family burial plot where lay the father and mother and two children, with nothing to indicate that it was to be the final resting-place of the first citizen of the nation, the man whose influence on the recent history of the world had been second to none. All was simple and democratic and plain as it ought to be in a republic of equal rights, and one could not be blind to the illustration it gave that power and distinction are open to all, and that anarchy is not only wicked but preposterous when it levels a weapon against such a ruler." Preposterous is the right word. In this country anarchy is not so much a belief of the intellect as it is a form of dementia which would be laughable if it were not dangerous.

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment and wounded him and departed, leaving him half dead. A priest came and looked on him and passed by on the other side. Likewise a Levite looked on him and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan as he journeyed came where he was and when he saw him he had compassion on him. And gave him two pence and said to a hotelkeeper: "Take care of him." Which, now, of these three was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves? So runs the chronicle in the book of Luke, the tenth chapter. Chicago furnishes a revised version of the good Samaritan. At a much frequented street corner a citizen was informed that a man had fallen among thieves, who had lured him to a vacant lot and

after robbery left him wounded and half dead. His condition was carefully confided to the Samaritan by a trusty confederate, who, when the Samaritan was engaged in ascertaining the extent of the injuries of the fallen victim, assisted the latter to deliver telling blows upon the head of the Samaritan, whom they relieved of his valuables and left in unconsciousness, while they escaped with the personal effects of the good Samaritan. The moral appears to be that it is wise not to be a neighbor under all circumstances without some preliminary inquiry. To call the police first will enable the contemporary Samaritan to perform his well-meant offices more prudently as well as more economically.

In spite of the biblical blessing of the man who interferes to stop a quarrel, it frequently happens that the peace-maker, in the present stage of civilization, fares worse than the original contestants. Witness, for instance, the recent shooting affray in which two men were fatally and one seriously wounded. A prominent merchant was in a restaurant eating his lunch when a party of drunken men entered and began to make objectionable remarks. He objected. A fight ensued. It happened that a deputy sheriff was in the room, and he endeavored to interfere and put an end to the trouble. The prominent merchant, however, felt aggrieved at his interference and drew his revolver and began shooting. While the bullets were flying a well-known physician, who also happened to be in the room, rushed in to separate the men. Meanwhile the deputy sheriff, as a measure of self-defense, had pulled his own weapon and "turned it loose." When the smoke had blown away it was found that of the three men the merchant and the physician were fatally wounded, while the officer of the law was seriously wounded. As for the drunken men, who were the original cause of the whole controversy, they seem to have escaped scot free. It is notorious that persons who interfere in "family quarrels" invariably fare worse than any of the actual parties to the controversy, and instances are frequent where men who "seek peace" are turned upon and beaten by both of the men whom they have attempted to separate. It takes some courage to pick a quarrel, but it takes much more to attempt to stop one after it has begun.

It is superficially held to be praiseworthy that the regular life insurance companies stand ready to grant what are sometimes called "generous" surrender values to their policy holders. But it is still open to doubt, in the opinion of the Chicago Chronicle, if any undue encouragement should be held out to policy holders to renounce their insurance, no matter what the stress of circumstances may afterward urge. Life insurance is fundamentally and mainly for the protection of the family, and it would seem the part of wisdom to make it difficult rather than easy for an insured ever to surrender his policy. The policy once given up, the protection is, of course, gone, and often forever, for the man who sells his life insurance policy or borrows money on it does not usually reinsure again. The money raised by the surrender or loan goes, and then he finds it difficult either to take a new policy or to repay the amount borrowed. There is a legal and just surrender rate to which policy holders are entitled, and this is sometimes set forth in the contract. But the insured man should rarely be encouraged to avail himself of its privileges, while any tendency to make it still easier for him by giving ample surrender rates is threatening alike to his family's welfare and the true principles of life insurance. As for any "generosity" in this respect, that is a sad misnomer. Life insurance rightly conducted is a matter of justice, equity and business fair dealing, in which generosity can play no part. The policy holder is not asked to be generous, and the company cannot be. It is certainly anything but a generous spirit that prompts a policy holder, no matter how much he thinks he needs the money, to sacrifice the financial safety of his family by surrendering his contract, and there can be no generosity on the company side in encouraging him in the lamentable act.

**Horseradish.**  
This succulent and highly flavored herb hardly gets its due in the ordinary garden. It is put into a corner, like the boy when company comes, as though any place and any treatment were good enough for it. When one buys horseradish on the market—that is, the prepared horseradish—he is reminded again how careless the popular mind has grown to be on this matter. The purchaser of grocery store horseradish does well if he gets a 10 per cent dose of the real root. The 90 per cent may be potato or turnip or excelsior, or almost anything. What we need is a horseradish revival. People's eyes should be opened (spite of their weeping) to the merits of the pure goods, and, equally, to the merits of the adulterants. Good varieties of horseradish should be selected, good cuttings should be carefully taken and planted in a good place in the garden, and clean, sound roots should be prepared for the dining table. Good horseradish is a wholesome and grateful thing, but poor horseradish is an abomination.

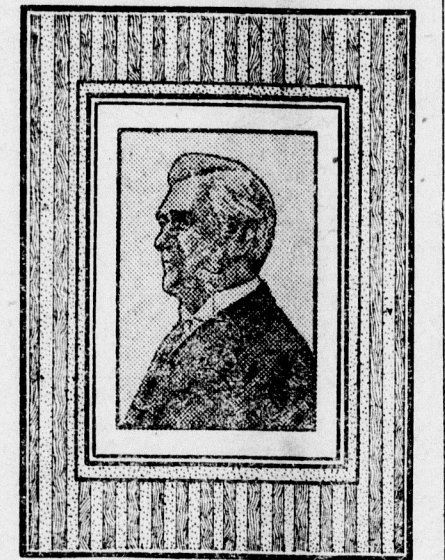
**Britain's Tea Imports.**  
Great Britain imported last year about 250,000,000 pounds of tea, of which 55 per cent came from India, 37 per cent from Ceylon, 7 per cent from China.

Nothing makes a woman quite so mad as to be told that some other woman is sorry for her husband.

## REV. DR. GEORGE W. GRAY. He Is Doing Noble Work Among Chicago's Poor Children.

Twelve persons have subscribed \$20,000 toward the \$100,000 needed to buy a lot and erect new buildings for the Forward Movement, a social settlement operating in the congested Eighteenth Ward, Chicago. The buildings will cost about \$40,000. They will be designed to attract the boys and girls of the neighborhood and brighten and broaden their minds. Dr. George W. Gray is the founder and general superintendent of the institution. The east wing of the structures will be for girls, and will have a gymnasium, baths, swimming pool, music rooms, parlors and rooms for various organizations calculated to benefit the girls physically and teach them the domestic sciences. The corresponding wing to the west will be fitted up for the special use of boys. There will be an entertainment hall, gymnasium, bowling alley, swimming pool, baths, library, reading room and shops for teaching the rudiments of several trades.

Dr. Gray began the Forward Movement in 1894. He had been field secretary in the Freedmen's Aid work of the



REV. DR. GEORGE W. GRAY.

Methodist Church and general secretary for the American University. In his visits to the great cities he was impressed with the need of doing something for the poor children in the crowded districts that they might have a fairer start in the struggle for life. When he began his work in Chicago benevolent sympathizers came to his aid with voluntary subscriptions, and the work has grown steadily, until now an average of 5,000 persons per month visit the quarters on Van Buren street at the head of the old Chicago Bowery. The new buildings will be able to care for 5,000 to 10,000 per week. Every summer hundreds of children are given outings to a park on Lake Michigan, where they frolic for one or two weeks. The doctor and those who are interested in his good work are enthusiastic over the results thus far and desire to see it extended to all the larger cities of the country.

## PUNISHING DRUNKEN HUSBAND Effective Punishment Prevailing in North of England.

In the North of England a peculiar way of punishing brutal and drunken husbands is yet in vogue. This method is known as "Riding the Stang," and though a very old practice, quite recently two cases of its being enforced were brought before the public notice. The erring husbands were tied astride



PUNISHING A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

long poles, and carried in this ridiculous and uncomfortable position through the streets of their town, and followed by a jeering crowd of men, women and children, who did not hesitate to pelt them with refuse, according to the time-honored usage on these occasions.

## BEESWAX USED AS MONEY.

**It Passes Current in the Hardware Trade All Over the Country.**

It will surprise many people to learn that in almost every part of the United States there is something that merchants regard just as good as the old cash. That something seems commonplace, for it is nothing more than beeswax. But it is only in one branch of trade that beeswax is current, and that this one the average person would least suppose—the hardware line. The reason why hardware stores handle beeswax was explained the other day by a prominent wholesale dealer. It appears that all through the South, as well as in other parts of the country, the tin peddlers swap their wares for beeswax, which they get very cheap.

They make a nice profit on their tinware in the trade, and they also get a profit on the beeswax when they turn it over to the retailers in hardware. The beeswax passes from them to the wholesale hardware men in the cities and they ship it in barrels to New York. Wholesale hardware dealers often receive notices from customers that they have shipped a certain number of barrels of beeswax to apply on account. Beeswax is always a staple article and in the trade is just as good as the cash at all times.

Like many other goods it sometimes fluctuates in price, but there is always a steady demand for it at the market

value. Before the patent hives and honeycombs came into use some years ago the wholesale price of beeswax was 25 cents a pound. Where large numbers of bees were kept the patent comb was used, and the consequence was that the bees didn't have to manufacture any comb, and in the course of a year the production of wax decreased so much that the price went up to 70 cents a pound wholesale. It went even higher than that for a while, and then it fell again, but it has never got back to where it was before the patents were adopted. If it were not for the tens of thousands of small bee-keepers who cling to the old style of handling bees the price of beeswax would be more than \$1 a pound.

## SPEED OF OCEAN VESSELS.

**It Has Been Increasing Steadily During Recent Years.**

The best Atlantic running of a German mail steamer is now precisely one and one-half knots an hour swifter than the best run of any British mail steamer. And the best passage of the swiftest British steamer was made more than six years ago. In June, 1895, while the best German steamer run was completed a few days ago. Never before in the history of Atlantic steaming was the swiftest ocean steamer so far ahead of the best sailing under any other flag. The Americans held the field from 1850 to 1856, but their best boat was never more than half a knot swifter than the best of the Cunard line. Then from 1856 to 1899 the Cunard liners were the swiftest, but their best was never more than a knot an hour swifter than the best of the German steamers running during those years.

From 1869 to 1879 the Inman and the White Star lines held the first place as regards speed, but the Germans were still close behind them. Then from 1879 to 1884 the Guion line, which might be called half American, held the first place with vessels which were built in Britain, but the Cunard was close upon its best. Then the Cunard got its linings till 1888, when the Inman again came to the front with the swiftest German, about a knot behind the best Inman boat. Then the White Star got a turn, and in 1893 the supremacy came once again to the Cunard, and finally in 1897 the Germans triumphed, and have held the post of honor, as far as speed is concerned, ever since. But never till now has the difference between the best German and the best British been as much as a knot and a half an hour.—London Chronicle.

## FORTY-ONE YEARS A TEACHER.

**Remarkable Record of an Educator in Chicago's School System.**

Dr. James R. Dewey, of Chicago, who recently severed his connection with the educational interests of the city,

has the unique experience of having spent forty-one years of continuous work as an instructor. In 1860 he took the chair of Greek in the one high school then in Chicago and continued his services uninterruptedly until the last week in September.

James R. Dewey, teacher, when failing eyesight compelled his retirement. During his long term he varied from time to time the branches which he taught. When he first began he taught Greek and Latin, and in after years this was changed for scientific branches. While engaged in the work of teaching he studied medicine, and about twelve years ago was graduated. He also lectured in the Chicago Homeopathic School.

When he became instructor in Chicago's first high school the number of pupils in that institution was 200. He lived to see that number swelled to 12,000. There are hundreds of men living in Chicago and other places who owe to Dr. Dewey's careful training the successes that crowned their later careers.

## Gutta Percha and Ocean Cables.

A writer in the New York Sun says that gutta percha being indispensable to submarine cables, the tree which yields the precious milky gum from which gutta percha is made has become an object of great international interest. Commercial concerns as well as governments themselves have in the past few years been giving very close attention to the gutta percha problem. Tropical forests have been ransacked for the tree or for one so nearly akin to it that a cable-covering product may be had from it and there are various attempts at creating plantations of the original tree in regions where heretofore it has not grown. The forest ransacking has resulted in failure and the plantations have not yet gotten beyond the experimental stage.

## Better.

Yet when I reflect a moment I cannot but see that the world is necessarily better. For now, when I meet a man smoking, I can almost always direct his attention to a building of at least twenty stories high, reminding him that he might own this had he saved all the money he has spent for tobacco.

Fifty years ago, when I began my warfare against sin, buildings having even as many as six stories were few. Of course all this makes for morality.—Detroit Journal.

## More Up to Date.

"They say Miss Millions has eloped with her father's coachman."  
"Coachman? I presume you mean her father's chauffeur?"—Puck.

The greatest woman in the world is the woman who knows how to manage her home and her husband.

Only a fool would trust a man who says the world owes him a living.

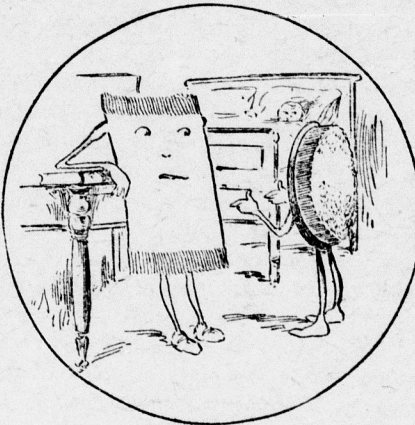


## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

**Brush and Towel Get Even.**  
The brush and the towel were talking together, and they were all tired out and flustered with the work of getting Tommy Fitzpatrick ready for dinner. You see Tommy is one of those peculiar boys who seem to think that it's big and nice and manly to give other people trouble, and to cry when you can't have your own way, and he does hate being washed and brushed and made neat and tidy. So the brush was overheated and bruised and tumbled, and the towel was so weak and slimsy that it lay in a little heap.

Besides, they were very sorry for the kind girl whom Tommy calls "nurse." "I'd like to get even with that boy," said the brush, excitedly. "I'm about tired of being thrown across the room and pounded against the sharp edge of the dresser. Say we get even, Mrs. Towel? Will you help?"  
"Yes, indeed, dear Mr. Brush," said the towel, quite readily. "We'll let him see what it's like to be so treated. Perhaps it will do him good and help the kind nurse."

You see the nurse is always good to



"I'D LIKE TO GET EVEN WITH THAT BOY," the brush and the towels. So they were anxious to do something to help her.

That night, when Tommy was fast asleep in his cot, they invaded the nice, quiet, dream chamber in which a kind fairy had placed him to slumber, and they picked him up and threw him across the room and pounded him on the sharp edge of the dresser and crumpled him all up, and twisted him awfully, and pulled him nearly in two pieces, and treated him just as he treated them in his waking moments. Next morning Tommy didn't feel quite so well as usual. But he was very good and quiet when it came time for him to be washed and brushed.

"I dreamed the brush and the towel treated me awfully last night," he told his nurse when he was nearly ready for breakfast.

"Perhaps they did," was the quiet answer. "You certainly deserve it from them, Tommy."

And Tommy has been very good at tidying-up times ever since. I think he'd better be, don't you?—Chicago Record-Herald.

## When Mamma Makes Bread.

When my mamma makes bread at night I help her all I can:  
I climb up by the table,  
And hold my little pan,

And watch her while she mixes in  
The flour so soft and white,  
And salt and milk and sugar,  
And yeast to make it light.

And then she kneads and kneads it,  
Till it's smooth as it can be;  
And if I'm good and do not tease  
She gives a piece to me.

I put a cover over it,  
And all the dark, still night,  
While I am sleeping in my bed  
My bread is getting light.

Last time it baked so nice and brown,  
And everybody said,  
When it was done, there never was  
A better loaf of bread.

I reached up to the parrot's cage  
And gave a piece to Polly,  
Then I buttered all the rest and had  
A party for my dolly.  
—The Independent.

**The Maple's Visitor.**  
"Whew!" whistled the birch, with a shiver that shook off a great handful of leaves. "Winter is coming!"

"Why should you sigh over that?" said the jolly, rosy maple. "The garden will be so clean and white—and then the icicles! How they will sparkle on the tips of our fingers! You know they are ever so much brighter than these gold and crimson leaves that everybody likes so well."  
"But the robins will be gone," sighed the birch, shaking her head, "and the phoebes and bluebirds!"  
"Never mind, we shall have plenty of company," said the maple, and just at that moment a squirrel ran along her branches, and peeping into a hole in her trunk, asked if he might come in.

"Certainly," said the maple, "Stay all winter if you like."

The squirrel seemed pleased with the invitation, so he stored in the maple's spare room all his baggage, which consisted of one hickory nut. He soon brought another, however, and another and another, till the room was almost full. Then he curled himself up comfortably in the warmest corner.

"I told you we should have company," said the maple. "Now I have some one to talk to on dull winter days."

And sure enough, in stormy weather

we always hear her rattling her branches and talking very fast in her fashion. But I am afraid that the squirrel is not a good listener, for to tell the truth, he is sound asleep.—Youth's Companion.

## A Little Boy's Reply.

A bright little fellow of 6 made quite an apt reply to a cross-grained old man who had outgrown his love for children. "Get out of my way," was the surly command. "What are such chaps as you good for?" The boy looked up into his face with a pleasant smile and said: "Sir, they make gentlemen out of such chaps as I am." The boy came off with flying colors. It's a great pity, however, that surly old men are too often made out of the good stuff in children.

## A Not Unusual Occurrence.

There is a great deal of truth in the assertion that knowledge—some kinds of knowledge at least—is largely a matter of instinct. Clara, aged 5, came running into her mother's room the other morning in a state of great excitement. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "cook has just killed an old hen to make over into chicken."

And yet Clara had never lived in a boarding house.

## Good-Sized Oranges.

Lulu, aged 4, was taking her first ride on the steam cars and as they whizzed by the farms she saw some large pumpkins among the corn shocks and, remembering her five brothers and sisters at home, she said: "Oh, mamma, look what big oranges! Let's stop and buy one and it'll go all around."

## Little Girl Wants to Know.

The car in which a little 4-year-old was traveling was partly demolished in a wreck, and, noticing the alarm of the passengers, she turned to her mother and said: "Mamma, are we all killed?"

## THE HOUSES OF MANILA.

**Stone Does Not Figure in the Construction of Upper Stories.**

The sky-scraping tower of stone and iron which is becoming so common an eyesore in American cities has not invaded that land of the earthquake and the typhoon, the Philippine Islands, and it is not likely to do so soon. These perilous visitants govern the character and the size of the houses, which are very rarely more than two stories in height, even in the best quarters of Manila. Of these, the ground floor is used as a coachhouse or to lodge the native servants. It is apt to be too damp for the family, who live on the upper floor, which is divided into a spacious hall, dining and reception rooms, and bed and other private apartments. The kitchen is often a separate building, with a roofed passage leading to the house. Beside it is the bathroom, an apartment much in demand among the Filipinos, with whom cleanliness is one of the chief virtues and bathing a daily duty.

These houses were formerly of stone, but since the great earthquake of 1880 only wood has been permitted in the second stories. These are fitted with sliding windows all around, to permit the freest entrance of air. At the same time, to keep out the hot glow of the sunlight, glass is replaced in the windows by translucent seashells, through which only a modicum of light can filter. Corrugated iron roofs are common, but they are very hot. To obviate this, many roofs are covered with a thin layer of nipa-palm thatching, which is cooler, though dangerous in case of fire.

In the native quarters of the city the houses are much simpler in design, each being composed of a single story. The house is built upon stout posts, and put together without a nail or peg, the frame being of bamboo, tied together with rattan. Nipa-palm leaves or en bamboo strips form the sides, and the roof is thatched with nipa leaves or cogon, a long grass.

The floor is made of bamboo strips, with their rounded sides uppermost and tied together, so as to leave wide cracks between. Swinging shades, which can be propped up during the day, serve for windows. A ladder takes the place of stairs. Ventilation is the important thing that is constantly sought.

Often there is only a single room, which serves for cooking, eating, and sleeping, the fire being made on a heap of earth in one corner, and when in use filling the house with smoke. In the better houses there are two or more rooms. There is one great advantage in these houses. In case an earthquake should shake them down, or a typhoon topple them over, no one is likely to be hurt. The materials are too light to do any harm. And they are so open to the air as to make them much cooler than close-built dwellings.—New York Ledger.

## Mark Twain's "Jolly."

The servants at the Players' Club, New York, are looking for Mark Twain's arrival and a new "Jolly." At his last visit there—following a year's absence—he said to the servant who admitted him: "See if my overshoes are in the library." The man reported they were not. "Why, I left them there the last time I went out! Who could have been in the library since?"—Boston Globe.

## A Cemetery of Cats.

The most curious cemetery is situated at Luxor, on the Nile. Here repose the mummified bodies of millions of sacred cats. Their remains are piled up by sides with the bodies of kings and emperors in mausoleums.

## A Narrow Escape.

She's so glad it's to be platonic. At one time I was afraid you would propose.  
He—So was I.



## The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

### CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"I am no phantom," I said, touching her hand again. "No, we will not go back to the shore. Tardif shall row us to the caves, and I will take you into them, and then we will return along the cliffs. Would you like that, mam-zelle?"

"Very much," she answered, the smile still playing about her face. It was brown and freckled with exposure to the sun, but so full of health and life as to be doubly beautiful to me, who saw so many wan and sickly faces.

"Doctor," said Tardif's deep, grave voice behind me, "your mother, is she better?"

It was like the sharp prick of a needle, which presently you knew must pierce your heart. The moment of rapture had fled. The Paradise that had been about me for an instant, with no hint of pain, faded out of my sight. But Olivia remained, and her face grew sad, and her voice low and sorrowful, as she leaned forward to speak to me.

"I have been so grieved for you," she said. "Your mother came to see me once, and promised to be my friend."

"We said no more for some minutes, and the splash of the oars in the water was the only sound. Olivia's air continued sad, and her eyes were downcast, as if she shrank from looking me in the face. "Pardon me, doctor," said Tardif in our own dialect, which Olivia could not understand, "I have made you sorry when you were having a little gladness. Is your mother very ill?"

"There is no hope, Tardif," I answered, looking round at his honest and handsome face, full of concern for me.

"May I speak to you as an old friend?" he asked. "You love mam-zelle, and you are come to tell her so?"

"What makes you think that?" I said. "I see it in your face," he answered, lowering his voice, though he knew Olivia could not tell what we were saying.

"Your marriage with mademoiselle your cousin was broken off—why? Do you suppose I did not guess? I knew it from the first week you stayed with us. No body could see mam-zelle as we see her without loving her."

"The Sark folks say you are in love with her yourself, Tardif," I said, almost against my will.

His lips contracted and his face saddened, but he met my eyes frankly.

"It is true," he answered; "but what then? If it had only pleased God to make me like you, or that she should be of my class, I would have done my utmost to win her. But that is impossible! See, I am nothing else than a servant in her eyes. I do not know how to be anything else, and I am content. She is as far above my reach as one of the white clouds up yonder. To think of myself as anything but her servant would be irreverent."

"You are a good fellow, Tardif," I exclaimed.

"God is the judge of that," he said with a sigh. "Mam-zelle thinks of me only as her servant. My good Tardif, do this, or do that. I like it. I do not know any happier moment than when I hold her little boots in my hand and brush them. You see she is as helpless and tender as my little wife was; but she is very much higher than my poor little wife. Yes, I love her as I love the blue sky, and the white clouds, and the stars shining in the night. But it will be quite different between her and you."

"I hope so," I thought to myself.

"You do not feel like a servant," he continued, his ears dipping a little too deeply and setting the boat rocking. "By-and-by, when you are married, she will look up to you and obey you. I do not understand altogether why the good God has made this difference between us two; but I see it and feel it. It would be fitting for you to be her husband; it would be a shame to her to become my wife."

"Are you grieved about it, Tardif?" I asked.

"No, no," he answered; "we have always been good friends, you and I, doctor. No, you shall marry her, and I will be happy. I will come to visit you sometimes, and she will call me her good Tardif. That is enough for me."

At last we gained one of the entrances to the caves, but we could not pull the boat quite up to the strand. A few paces of shallow water, clear as glass, with pebbles sparkling like gems beneath it, lay between us and the caves.

"Tardif," I said, "you need not wait for us. We will return by the cliffs."

"You know the caves as well as I do?" he replied, though in a doubtful tone.

"All right!" I said, as I swung over the side of the boat into the water, when I found myself knee-deep. Olivia looked from me to Tardif with a flushed face—an angry that made my pulses leap. Why should her face never change when he carried her in his arms? Why should she shrink from me?

"Are you as strong as Tardif?" she asked, lingering, and hesitating before she would trust herself to me.

"Almost, if not altogether," I answered gaily. "I'm strong enough to undertake to carry you without wetting the soles of your feet. Come, it is not more than half a dozen yards."

She was standing on the bench I had just left, looking down at me with the same vivid flush upon her cheeks and forehead, and with an uneasy expression in her eyes. Before she could speak again I put my arms round her, and lifted her down.

"You are quite as light as a feather," I said, laughing, as I carried her to the strip of moist and humid strand under the archway in the rocks. As I put her down I looked back to Tardif, and saw him regarding us with grave and sorrowful eyes.

"Adieu!" he cried; "I am going to look after my lobster pots. God bless you both!"

He spoke the last words heartily; and we stood watching him as long as he was in sight. Then we went on into the caves.

I had known the caves well when I was a boy, but it was many years since

I had been there. Now I was alone in them with Olivia, no other human being in sight or sound of us. I had scarcely eyes for any sight but that of her face, which had grown shy and downcast, and was generally turned away from me. She would be frightened, I thought, if I spoke to her in that lonesome place. I would wait till we were on the cliffs, in the open eye of day.

She left my side for one moment whilst I was poking under a stone for a young plover, which had darkened the little pool of water round it with its inky fluid. I heard her utter an exclamation of delight, and I gave up my pursuit instantly to learn what was giving her pleasure. She was stooping down to look beneath a low arch, not more than two feet high, and I knelt beside her. Beyond lay a straight, narrow channel of transparent water, blue from a faint reflected light, with smooth sculptured walls of rock, clear from mollusca, rising on each side of it. Level lines of minute waves rippled monotonously upon it, as if it was stirred by some soft wind which we could not feel. You could have peeped it with tiny boats flitting across it, or skimming lightly down it. Tears shone in Olivia's eyes.

"It reminds me so of a canal in Venice," she said, in a tremulous voice.

"Do you know Venice?" I asked; and the recollection of her portrait taken in Florence came to my mind.

"Oh, yes!" she answered; "I spent three months there once, and this place is like it."

"Was it a happy time?" I inquired, jealous of those tears.

"It was a hateful time," she said vehemently. "Don't let us talk of it."

"You have traveled a great deal, then?" I pursued, wishing her to talk about herself, for I could scarcely trust my resolution to wait till we were out of the caves. "I love you with all my heart and soul" was on my tongue's end.

"We traveled nearly all over Europe," she replied.

"I wondered whom she meant by 'we,'" she had never used the plural pronoun before, and I thought of that odious woman in Guernsey—an unpleasant recollection.

But there was the pause of the tide, when the waves rushed out again in white floods, leaving the water comparatively shallow. There were still six or eight yards to traverse before we could reach an archway in the cliffs, which would land us in safety in the outer caves. There was some peril, but we had no alternative. I lifted Olivia a little higher against my shoulder, for her long serge dress wrapped dangerously around us both; and then waiting for the pause in the throbbing of the tide, I dashed hastily across.

One swirl of the water coiled about us, washing up nearly to my throat, and giving me almost a choking sensation of dread; but before a second could swoop down upon us I had staggered half-blindly to the arch and put down Olivia in the small, secure cave within it. She had not spoken once. She did not seem able to speak now. Her large, terrified eyes looked up at me dumbly, and her face was white to the lips. I clasped her in my arms once more, and kissed her forehead and lips again and again, in a paroxysm of passionate love and gladness.

"Olivia!" I cried. "I wish you to become my wife."

"You—wish—that!" she gasped, recoiling. "Oh! no, no—I am already married!"

### CHAPTER XV.

Olivia's answer struck me like an electric shock. For some moments I was simply stunned, and knew neither what she had said, nor where we were.

"Olivia!" I cried, stretching out my arms towards her, as though she would flutter back to them and lay her head again where it had been resting upon my shoulder, with her face against my neck. But she did not see my gesture, and the next moment I knew that she could never let me hold her in my arms again. I dared not even take one step nearer to her.

"Olivia," I said again, after another minute or two of troubled silence—"Olivia, it is true?"

She bowed her head still lower upon her hands, in speechless confirmation. A stricken, helpless, cowering child she seemed to me, standing there in her drenched clothing. An unutterable tenderness, altogether different from the feverish love of a few minutes ago, filled my heart as I looked at her.

"Come," I said, as calmly as I could speak, "I am at any rate your doctor, and I am bound to take care of you. You must not stay here wet and cold. Let us make haste back to Tardif's, Olivia."

I drew her hand down from her face and through my arm, for we had still to re-enter the outer cave, and to return through a higher gallery, before we could reach the cliffs above. I did not glance at her. The road was very rough, strewn with huge boulders, and she was compell-



"WAITING FOR THE PAUSE."

We had wandered back to the opening where Tardif had left us. The rapid current between us and Brockhou was running in swift eddies. Olivia stood near me; but a sort of chilly diffidence had crept over me, and I could not have ventured to press too closely to her, or to touch her with my hand.

"How have you been content to live here?" I asked.

"This year in Sark has saved me," she answered softly.

"What has it saved you from?" I inquired, with intense eagerness. She turned her face full upon me, with a world of reproach in her grey eyes.

"Dr. Martin," she said, "why will you persist in asking me about my former life? Tardif never does. He never implies by a word or look that he wishes to know more than I choose to tell. I cannot tell you anything about it."

Just then my ear caught for the first time a low boom-boom, which had probably been sounding through the caves for some minutes.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated.

Yet a moment's thought convinced me that, though there might be a little risk, there was no paralyzing danger. I had forgotten the narrowness of the gully through which alone we could gain the cliffs. From the open span of beach where we were now standing, there was no chance of leaving the caves except as we had come to them, by a boat; for on each side a crag ran like a spur into the water. There was not a moment to lose. Without a word, I snatched up Olivia in my arms, and ran back into the caves, making as rapid a passage as I could for the long, straight passage.

Neither did Olivia speak a word or utter a cry. We found ourselves in a low tunnel, where the water was beginning to flow in pretty strongly. I set her down for an instant, and tore off my coat and waistcoat. Then I caught her up again, and strode along over the slippery, slimy masses of rock which lay under my feet, covered with seaweed.

"Olivia," I said, "I must have my right hand free to steady myself with. Put both your arms round my neck and cling to me so. Don't touch my arms or shoulders."

Yet the clinging of her arms about my neck, and her cheek close to mine, seemed as if heaven itself opened the door for me. He treated me so ill that if I thought there was any fear of him finding me out here, I would rather a thousand times you had left me to die in the caves."

(To be continued.)



## ARE the PROFESSIONS OVERCROWDED? LAW

On the first of January there were enough lawyers in Chicago to fill four full regiments in the United States army, says the Tribune. The exact figure was 4,403. At the same time there were practically 1,000 less physicians, which allowed one doctor to every 500 people, so that it is plain that lawyers have a worse prospect before them than those who follow medicine.

During the year 1900, which is the latest year for which figures are available, 140 members of the bar in Chicago left the profession for some other line of work. During the same period forty lawyers died and twenty went out of practice for one reason or another, making a total of 200 less lawyers in Chicago than in January, 1900. During the same period, however, 350 new lawyers hung out their shingles in Chicago, so that there actually at least 150 more attorneys in the city than there were one year ago.

It is estimated that during 1900 the average income of the attorneys of the city did not exceed \$750. One lawyer, who has been more than ordinarily successful, and whose average income for the last few years has been more than \$4,000 a year, declares that the average of his professional brethren does not exceed \$500 a year. The secretary of one of the leading law schools of the city estimates that the income of the lawyers of Chicago averages \$1,000 a year. Striking an average between them the figure of \$750 is reached.

Even with an average of \$1,000 a year it is to be considered that at least 2,000 of the members of the legal profession in Chicago do not make as much as a brick mason under the union scale. It is estimated that perhaps six or eight lawyers in Chicago average \$40,000 a year, while a large number touch the \$30,000 mark. A considerable number of lawyers, who count themselves among the successful, make between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a year, while the attorney who can figure up \$5,000 a year is by no means to be despised. This leaves a startlingly small amount as the average of the less fortunate half of the legal profession.

To the man who looks at the subject from an unprejudiced standpoint it would seem that the legal profession is already greatly overcrowded. That lawyers take the same view of the situation is shown by the changes which have been made within recent years in the matter of requirements for admission to the bar. Under the rule which prevailed but a few years ago it was only necessary for an applicant to appear in open court and pass a so-called examination, which was supervised by a few members of the bar appointed for the purpose, and which, in many cases, was based chiefly on the previous acquaintance of the applicant with the examiners.

A young man who had read law for a couple of years in the office of a member of the bar had only to appear in court, under proper auspices, and state that he wanted to be admitted to have his petition granted. The present rule, which was adopted by the Supreme Court of the State in 1897, only four years ago, provides that every applicant for admission to the bar must present credentials showing that he is a graduate of one of the high schools of the State or possesses an equivalent education, and that he has studied law for at least three years. It is also provided that all or at least part of the examination shall be written. As a matter of fact, it is said by lawyers to be ten times as hard to secure admission to the bar at present as it was a few years ago.

### HE GAVE TO THE WORLD.

His Self-Seeking Neighbors All Called Him Eccentric.

Three years ago there died in one of our Southern cities a man whose rules of life were so different from those of his neighbors that most of them thought him mad.

He lived in a spacious old house, surrounded by a garden, which he had bought forty years ago. Large blocks of business houses now hemmed it in, and he was offered a price for his lot which would have made him rich. But he would not sell it.

"This is home to my old wife," he said. "I could not buy for her with the money you offer the comfort and content she has in her home and garden."

"But you can make your sons rich," it was urged.

"I do not want to make them rich," he replied.

His neighbors sold their lots, speculated, amassed large fortunes, pushed their sons into politics or made them manufacturers or brokers, that they might amass still larger wealth. He made of his boys working horticulturists like himself.

"It is a business which will give

The conditions which prevail in Chicago exist practically all over the United States. And at the same time the increase in the number of law students and of law graduates all over the country is nothing less than startling. In 1870 the total number of regularly enrolled law students in the United States was 1,553. In 1899 they numbered no less than 11,874. In the last named year the total number of graduates from law schools was 3,140, or nearly twice as many as was enrolled thirty years before.

It is apparent, therefore, that while the difficulties of securing admission to the bar have increased by many fold within the last quarter century, the number of graduates has more than kept pace with it. In fact, there are at present more young lawyers ambitious to grow up with the country in proportion to population than there were before the new rule went into effect.

But when a young lawyer has been admitted to the bar his troubles have only commenced. He has yet to acquire in some way a practice which will at least pay his necessary living expenses. This task is made harder by the fact that the so-called "ethics" of the legal profession are almost, if not quite, as hard to evade as those of the medical profession. A physician who advertises in the regular ways is damned, professionally speaking. A young lawyer faces the same condition. He must find his clients without ostensibly looking for them.

One large class of lawyers combine with their regular legal business that of loaning money, buying notes, selling life, fire, plate glass, and other insurance. Many of them, in fact, find some one of these "side lines" so profitable that they never give it up and remain until the end more insurance or loan agent than lawyer. Those who work out of the insurance or loan business into the practice of the law find that they acquire in this way a wider acquaintance than they could hope to get in the same length of time in a legal way.

In a big city there are a number of legitimate schemes which are tried by young lawyers in their effort to acquire a paying practice. One favorite method, particularly among men who come to town without any influential acquaintance, is to seek for preferment in a political way. The young lawyer who is able to get up on his feet and make a telling speech is always sure of an appreciative audience. He may get his name in the newspapers and if he is shrewd in a political way he may get some minor office which will bring him into prominence, while his tongue-tied brethren are still living on what they have saved.

Another class of legal aspirants look for notoriety about the criminal courts. A young lawyer who can get as his client a celebrated criminal is certain of much notoriety, the value of which is dependent on his success in "living it down," while at the same time retaining the prominence which it has given him.

A third and one of the largest class of young limbs of the law in the large cities start as clerks in the offices of established law firms. They often work for many years at salaries ranging from \$40 a month upward, after they have been admitted to the bar, and as often as not are disappointed in their expectations of being admitted as partners in the firm.

With all these facts before them the ambitious young men of the country persist in crowding the law schools to a greater extent every year. The increase of students in the law schools of the country from 1875 to 1899 was no less than 343 per cent.

them comfort, but not wealth," he said. "In it, too, they will not be employed by other men, nor employ many hands, and so will be outside of any future struggle between capital and labor in this country."

When he had gained a sum large enough to keep his wife from want, if he should survive him, he gave up his vineyard and gardens to his sons, and devoted the rest of his life to charitable work and to the culture of a new grape of a peculiarly fine flavor. When he had succeeded in bringing it to perfection, he gave cuttings from it to all the poor horticulturists that he knew.

"A man," he said, "should try to leave the world richer by something for his having been in it. Some men leave a great picture or a book or noble thoughts to it. I only have a grape to give."

He gave it with all his heart. His neighbors, whose business in life had been to gather great heaps of money, called him eccentric. Judged by all that is noble in life, who was more sane, he or they?

You are pretty sure to have your opinion respected if you criticise a singer's voice to another singer.

### HOPI EAGLE HUNTS.

An Old-Time Method of Capturing the Big Birds.

In a recent number of the American Anthropologist J. Walter Fewkes, in an article on "The Property Right in Eagles Among the Hopi," writes regarding their ancient eagle hunts as follows:

"The ancient method of hunting wild creatures is a most instructive chapter in Hopi ceremonial customs, and merits special treatment. Particularly complicated were the antelope hunts, which of late years (since this animal has diminished so greatly in number) have been practically abandoned. Rabbit hunts are still more or less popular, and they retain a semblance of their ancient ceremonial character; but even these are declining, as they are now only fairly successful.

"The eagle was doubtless the only bird which was systematically hunted by the Hopi in ancient times, but the methods formerly employed have passed into legendary history.

"The ancient kwanakto, or eagle hunt, was accompanied with ceremonial rites, as were antelope hunts a few generations ago, and as are the rabbit hunts which still frequently occur. The method of conducting these ancient eagle hunts is said to have been as follows:

"On a distant mesa northwest of Walpi, but in full view of the pueblo, there is a small circular enclosure, about four feet high, built of stones and called by the Hopi the kwanakto, or eagle-hunt house. The hunter hid himself in this enclosure, having previously tied dead rabbits as a bait to the beams overhead. Several features of these ancient enclosures, or kwanakis, in which the Hopi hunter of eagles hid himself to capture these birds, recall the small stone towers so common in some parts of the Southwest, especially along the Colorado and its tributaries. These towers as a rule are small; they are situated on elevated sites, and bear little evidence of long-continued use as human habitations. They are not large enough for permanent dwellings, and the theory that they were employed as outlooks is not wholly satisfactory; nor are they capacious enough for the defense of any considerable number of persons. It is therefore suggested that they were kwanakis, or eagle-hunt houses, of the former inhabitants of the region. Many are situated on crags which are known to have been frequented by eagles, and we have the assertion of the Hopi that there were many eagle houses in the North.

"As in all pueblo customs, these eagle hunts were accompanied by certain prescribed usages or rites. The hunter first washed his head as a bodily purification, and deposited a prayer offering in a shrine at or near the eagle house. After these preliminaries he stationed himself in the eagle house and began to sing, accompanying his songs with low calls. Soon an eagle, attracted by the rabbits tied to the beams above him, and finally alighted on the beams above him, when its legs were seized by the concealed huntsman and the bird was drawn into the enclosure. Other ceremonies followed, concerning which there is little information, but at each eagle hunt one of the birds was always released after a prayer stick had been attached to its leg. It being supposed that the eagle thus freed would return to its comrades, bearing the hunter's prayer. The eagles captured by the methods described were not killed, but were carried to the pueblos.

"The attachment of the prayer stick to the leg of the eagle before being released is in harmony with present Hopi practices. During the Soyuluna ceremony, for instance, prayer emblems are tied to the tails or manes of burros and horses, and to the tails of chickens, turkeys, dogs, cats, etc. It is the same thought. A similar belief led to the burial of prayer sticks with the human dead—they were expressions of prayer to the gods."

### Tomb of an Ancient King.

The grave of a king or chieftain who was buried at Seddin, in Russian West Prignitz, 3,000 years ago, has been carefully excavated and many bronze objects added to the provincial museum in consequence. There are beaten and cast bowls, iron pins, rings and knives of bronze, necklaces with enameled beads and bronze tubes and other objects belonging to the bronze age. About the large tumulus there had always hovered the tradition that a king was buried in a triple coffin.

When examined it was found to conceal a nine-cornered vault made of large, erratic blocks of stone plastered with clay and painted with red pigment.

In this rude tomb was a gigantic vase of pottery, and within the vase was a box of gilded bronze having lid of the same metal, the box decorated with small knobs. The tradition said three coffins and proved correct. In the box were the remains of a man 30 or 40 years old, whose body had been burned. No inscription was found, and the only means of determining the age of the interment is the style of bronze objects and vase. German antiquarians believe that it belongs to a very early Teutonic race in northern Germany which practiced cremation, a race that was succeeded by a Slavic people, who in turn were driven out very generally by the modern German tribes. It is not a little remarkable that the farming population of Prussia is tending again to Slavs. The German speaking people are emigrating or moving into the cities and manufacturing towns.—New York Times.

When a man and woman walk into a store to buy something for the man, the clerk never sells anything; he sells to the woman.



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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1901.

The message of President Roosevelt gives general satisfaction throughout the country. It is a strong state paper. The people of the Pacific Coast will, without regard to party, approve the message upon the two important questions of re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion law and National aid for the reclamation of our arid lands, both of which the message favors in emphatic terms.

Congress met on Monday. The present session is big with important measures. Among these may be mentioned the ratification of the new treaty with Great Britain clearing the way for an all-American Isthmian Canal and securing virtually the recognition by England of our Monroe Doctrine; the passage of the Nicaragua canal bill; the re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion law; the beginning of arid land reclamation under national auspices, and provision for checking and curbing anarchy in this land of liberty, law and order.

The San Francisco Examiner shouts "Rally round the flag" over the recent decision of the U. S. Supreme Court touching trade with Philippine islands. The Examiner is jubilant because the decision means free trade between the islands and the United States for the present and until congress shall intervene. If the free trade was to be confined to trade between the islands and our own country the Examiner would either remain quiet or kick at the Supreme Court, but inasmuch as Spain has the same trade rights as the United States for ten years in the Philippines, the Examiner sees a chance to break down our American protective system and open all our country to free trade with all the world through Spain, via the Philippines. Hence the outcry from the Examiner.

## TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS OF CALIFORNIA.

Six topographic maps of different sections of California have recently been issued by the U. S. Geological Survey; they are the Redlands Quadrangle of the country in the vicinity of Redlands, showing a portion of the mountain country to the north, including part of the San Bernardino Forest Reserve, the various canals used in connection with the irrigation of the Redlands district also appearing; the San Jose Quadrangle, showing the city and vicinity of San Jose; the San Luis Rey Quadrangle in the southwestern part of the state adjoining the coast and in the neighborhood of Escondido, the San Luis Rey valley, much of which is entirely dry during the summer, being clearly shown; the San Jacinto Quadrangle of part of the San Jacinto Mountains and Forest Reserve and the city of the same name, the irrigating canals are here also shown; the Karquines Quadrangle of the land lying on each side of Karquines Strait to the north of Oakland; and the San Mateo Quadrangle from San Francisco fifteen miles south including the city of San Mateo and showing the coastlines of the Pacific Ocean and San Francisco Bay. All of the maps are new except the San Mateo and San Jose sheets, which are reprints. They show all the towns and villages included within their limits, all rivers, roads and trails and by the use of contour lines clearly indicate the topography or relief of the country. They may be had on application to the Director of the Geological Survey at the usual rate of 5 cents each.

## ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.  
An equable and healthful climate.  
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.  
Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.  
A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.  
An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.  
Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.  
Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.  
Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.  
An extensive and fine residence district, where working men may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

## FUNERAL OF MRS. T. B. MARTIN.

Funeral services were held this afternoon over the remains of the late Mrs. Eliza Jane Martin, wife of Thomas B. Martin. The impressive service of the Episcopal church was tenderly rendered, and the body was laid to rest in Hope cemetery. Prominent clergymen assisted in the obsequies.

At 8 o'clock this morning a memorial celebration of Holy Communion took place at the church, in which Rev. Edgar F. Gee, the rector, said prayers for the deceased. At 1 o'clock this afternoon a private service for the family took place at the residence, 450 North Kellogg street, in which Dean Gee and the Rev. John Wilkinson of Farmington, formerly rector of Grace church, said prayers. The following relatives of Mrs. Martin, from out of the city were in attendance: Charles W. Martin and Frank T. B. Martin, sons, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Charles H. Whitaker Jr., a daughter, and her little daughter, Marian, Clinton, Mo.; Mrs. Henry Leonard, a sister, Waukegan, Iowa; Edward Smith, a brother, Goodenow, Ill.; Mrs. S. G. Seaton, a cousin, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Mower, both of LaGrange, Ill. Among others present was Mrs. Charles W. Martin of Omaha, Neb.

The public services took place at Grace church at 2:30 o'clock, and were attended by a very large congregation of both the old and young friends of Mrs. Martin. Among those present was Mrs. W. F. Bailey of Galva, long a friend of the deceased. The services were deeply impressive. The casket, laden with flowers, was led to the church by the vested choir of the church and the clergymen, who were Dean Gee, Rev. Drs. C. W. Leffingwell and E. H. Radd of Knoxville, Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, Rev. Mr. Thompson, chaplain at St. Alban's school, Knoxville, and Rt. Rev. Frederick W. Taylor, bishop of the diocese of Quincy.

The floral gifts were beautiful and were in profusion. The immediate family were represented with a large wreath of roses, and lovely flowers also came from other relatives. The women of Grace parish sent a spray of sixty-five roses, memorial of the years of Mrs. Martin's life, and the vestry of the parish gave a wreath of palm leaves. From the friends came a wealth of floral tributes.

The solemn Episcopal funeral service was said. The opening portion and the lesson were read by Dean Gee. The choir sang the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." After the recitation of the creed the choir sang the hymn, "Hark, Hark, My Soul! Angelic Hosts are Singing." Bishop Taylor offered prayers, following which the choir sang the anthem, "God So Loved the World" (Stainer). The service ended with the singing by the choir of the hymn, "Now the Laborer's Task is O'er."

The interment was beside the grave of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, and Rev. Dr. Wilkinson gave the committal at the cemetery. The pallbearers were W. H. Browning, George F. Peck, Henry M. Chase, E. E. Hair, J. H. Holmes and W. E. Phillips. From the Galesburg (Ill.) Evening Mail of Tuesday, November 26, 1901.

## GLOBE SIGHTS.

Ever hear a story on a man you didn't believe?

It is said that people "run" in debt; but they crawl out.

Never be miserly with sympathy for a crying child or a sick man.

Rich kin are usually of no use except to point to with pride.

Some people are natural born artists at drawing conclusions.

Ever remark the fool things apparently sensible people will do?

Some people look so far ahead that they almost forget the present.

Some people give with so much reluctance that you'd rather do without.

If you want to make your enemies feel particularly sore, be happy.

A dog asleep looks so comfortable that whenever we see one, it makes us long for bed-time.

Some men are suspicious of their friends, but can always be worked by strangers.

There isn't any better luck than can befall a man than to have his wife suspect him of guilt early in their married life, and find him innocent.

If there is one word we hate more than another, it is "vivacious." When any one is "vivacious" he nearly always acts the fool.

We have a great horror of becoming so rich that we can afford a butler who will laugh at our way of pronouncing French dishes.

We have some sympathy for people who are mean, and don't know it, but it makes us mad when any one thinks up meanness, and takes pride in it.—Athenian Globe.

## An Informal Introduction.

When Mark Twain lived in Buffalo, he made the acquaintance of some neighbors under peculiar circumstances. Emerging from his house one morning, he saw something which made him run across the street and remark to the people who were gathered on the veranda:

"My name is Clemens. My wife and I have been intending to call on you and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before now. I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner and at this time of day, but your house is on fire!"

## Not a Rosy Dreamer.

"What would you do if you had a billion dollars?"

"Oh," answered the languid man, "I don't see why I should expect to prove any exception to the rule. I would probably go to one of the usual extremes and either buy yachts, or else walk to save car fare."

## WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER AND GOOD REPUTATION IN EACH STATE (But in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$1500.00 with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago. 3-14-02

## IN THE CAR KITCHEN

SNUG MANNER IN WHICH Eatables ARE STOWED AWAY.

Methods by Which Stores are Reprehensible Which Give Out En Route—The Room for the Waiters, The Cooks and Their Work.

The actual standing room in the car kitchen consists of an aisle only wide enough for two men to pass each other and about fifteen feet long. On one side is an unbroken row of ranges, the very best sort invented, for when men do women's work they are not content with makeshift tools. On the other side is a steam table for keeping things hot, other tables and some of the refrigerators, for there are many. Hot water and cold is held in cylinders which lie along the ceiling and look like the projectiles used on torpedo boats.

One refrigerator is devoted exclusively to fish, which lie shining on blocks of clear ice as tempting as in any fish market. Until I had actually seen this refrigerator it had been my practice to refuse fish in traveling, feeling there was some mystery about its preservation, but now—indeed, no such thing. I had fancied the whole menu cooked at once in enormous quantities, like a soldier's mess at camp, and my fastidious appetite had revolted and faded away during the first course, but now I eat with relish, knowing the condition of the source of supply.

Another refrigerator is entirely for meats and game, another for fruit, and even bread and cake are kept in a refrigerator that they retain their moisture. Outside the kitchen there is a sacred lexicon under lock and key, and no man may put his hand therein except the steward or housekeeper of the dining car. There twenty-five kinds of wine are kept, and there will be shown to you, with a manner awed but proud, the royal family of champagne with cool, gold crowned heads sitting on an icy throne.

But, to go back to the kitchen, that apartment is occupied by three men all in white, with perhaps a blue cord for tradition's sake, who serve deftly and capably the hived of waiters that swarm at the open square at the inner end of the room. It is a wise provision that prevents close contacts, for cooks are apt to be "red-hot" at the crucial hour of dinner serving, and, besides, the car kitchen can contain more men than the three cooks, who broil, roast, stew and fry the numberless fancies of the patrons' palates. These men work hard. The head cook, whose salary is about \$70 per month, stands farthest from the window where the waiters clamor and is a bit more serious. The middle cook, on \$45 salary, is lively or submissive according to the man he addresses, and the end cook finds time to chaff the owners of the dark faces who call orders, and sometimes he sings as happily as a conceited boy who fancies his future on the operatic stage.

These three men make up the white capped trio we see peering out of the windows of the dining car as it slips into the station. All the other employees of the train come into contact with passengers and have interesting experiences, but these are confined in the galley and are eager for scant glimpses at the station. Sometimes the car has a little balcony at the end, where they can escape the heat of their quarters, a needed relief in summer time.

The waiters have a pantry adjoining the kitchen and opening into it only by the little square window with a counter on either side. When your order is given and the waiter disappears, this is where he has gone. Here are kept supplies of dishes and silver, and here it is the waiter makes up the dishes of cakes, fruit and cheese you call for with which to tie up the ends of your appetite.

Before the dining car is drawn away from the caryards the special housekeeper who has it in charge must see that every sort of supply is on hand and in sufficient, but not too lavish, quantity. Sometimes there are ninety persons to feed, sometimes one-third that number, but the probable number on the various runs is known. In long journeys there are commissary stations along the way where the car may be restocked, but this is seldom necessary except with such perishables as cream and milk. Have you ever heard a porter agitating that subject with station employees at Buffalo or elsewhere? That means the emergency has arisen in the dining car. Such things might easily happen in a larger where demands are irregular and markets scores of miles away. It is a wonder they do not happen oftener when we reflect that economy in perishable things is exacted from the steward housekeeper.

Just before he sends his black commissary to announce dinner to the hungry passengers every man slips on jacket and apron of whitest linen and by this little act of costuming is converted at once from the nondescript man of the streets into the most spruce of servants. Then, with everything ready in the kitchen and with his flock of assistants about him, the housekeeper of the dining car awaits the coming of his guests. And in they come, thoughtless blessing takers, with never a refection on the hours of preparation by the army of men that it has taken to give them the degree of comfort which is purchasable for a dollar bill.—Ainslee's Magazine.

## Do you think you will marry that titled gentleman from abroad?

"I haven't quite decided," answered the American heiress. "I am not sure I can support him in the style to which his ancestors were accustomed."

## ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Miserable and Irritations Incident Upon His Start in Life.

Anthony Trollope's start in life was unpromising. As he knew no languages, ancient or modern, he became classical usher at a school in Brussels, with the promise of a commission in the Austrian army. Then he was suddenly transferred to a clerkship in the London postoffice. He was disqualified for the new position by general ignorance and special incapacity for the simplest arithmetic. A vague threat that he must pass an examination was forgotten before it was put into execution, and Trollope characteristically takes occasion to denounce the system of competitive examination by which he would have been excluded. Meanwhile he was turned loose in London and attempted to live like a gentleman on £200 a year. The results are indicated by a couple of anecdotes.

A money lender once advanced him £24, for which, first and last, he paid £200. This person, he says, became so much attached to him as to pay a daily visit to his office and exhort him to be punctual. "These visits were very terrible and can hardly have been of service to me in the office." This mild remark applies also to the visits from the mother of a young woman in the country who had fallen in love with him and to whom he "lacked the pluck to give a decided negative." The mother used to appear with a basket on her arm and an immense bonnet upon her head and inquire in a loud voice before all his companions, "Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?"

No wonder that he was miserable. He was hopelessly in debt and often unable to pay for a dinner. He hated his work, he says, and he hated his idleness; he quarreled with his superiors, who thought him hopelessly incapable and felt that he was sinking "to the lowest pits." At last he heard of a place in the Irish postoffice which everybody despised and was successful on applying for it, because his masters were glad to get rid of him. At the same time they informed his new superior that he would probably have to be dismissed on the first opportunity.—National Review.

## THE HOME DOCTOR.

Ice cream is said to be an infallible remedy for hiccoughs.

Skin cleanliness, or, in other words, frequent ablution of the whole person, is a powerful preservative against all infectious and contagious diseases.

To cure a sprain bruise a handful of sage leaves and boil them in a gill of vinegar for five minutes. Apply this in a folded napkin as hot as it can be borne to the part affected.

For inflamed eyes use the white of an egg beaten to a froth and add to it a tablespoonful of rosewater. Apply with a piece of cotton wool, which must be changed as often as it dries.

A soothing drink for sore throat that is recommended is made of a pint of barley water brought to a boil over a hot fire, to which is added while stirring until dissolved an ounce of the best gum arabic. Sweeten to taste.

Light being an element of cheerfulness, as much of it as the patient can bear without discomfort should always be admitted to the sickroom, care being taken to keep reflecting objects, such as crystals and looking glasses, out of the invalid's view.

## It Reached Him.

A letter was received at the postoffice in Washington directed to the biggest fool in that city.

The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the younger clerks informed him of the receipt of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Why," replied the clerk, "I didn't know who the biggest fool in Washington was, so I opened it myself."

"And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Find?" replied the clerk. "Why, nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man.'"—New York Herald.

## An Afflicted Brother.

Brother Dickey was under the weather the other day. In describing his symptoms he said: "Yes, suh, hit's true dat I ain't feelin' half well. In de fust place, I 'ditted wid rattlin' er de bones; den I troubled wid battin' er de eyelids, liftin' er de leg, wobblin' er de right foot on crackin' er de top skull. All I needs now ter finish me complete is six months er de un'inted rheumatism!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## Evidence to the Contrary.

Citizen—Madam, why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella?

Madam—I want to make you look around so I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't you go off and say that women haven't any manners.—Chicago Herald.

## The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

## NEGRO SOCIETIES.

THE SOUTHERN COLORED MAN'S LOVE OF POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

Wonderfully Named Organizations to Provide For Members' Sick Benefits and Funeral Expenses—How They Flourish in Charleston.

The southern negro's love of pomp and circumstance is nowhere exemplified more forcibly than in the manner in which he multiplies his charitable organizations. Inordinately fond of company, he has few societies founded with the sole view of promoting social enjoyment. For the most part, whatever foundations he makes have, a semireligious trend, the dues entitling members to sick benefits and funeral expenses. There is usually an elaborate regalia and an intricate ritual. Not a few negroes of a southern city, such as Charleston, belong to no less than a score of these orders, the names of which are oftentimes curiously and wonderfully made. What, for instance, would the ordinary patron of secret organizations think of possessing membership in the Sons and Daughters of the Seven Golden Candlesticks in Charity or in the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise?

The sons and daughters idea is worked to the limit of endurance. There is scarcely a well known name in Biblical history that is not tacked on to it. There are in Charleston alone no less than seventy-five of these societies with charters from the state of South Carolina, and how many there are that have no legal status no man may say with confidence.

Dues are paid weekly, and, strange as it may seem when the great poverty of the negro of the south is considered, the arrears list is a brief one indeed. Of course the charges are small, usually about 25 cents a month, but when it is remembered that many individuals belong to six or eight or even more orders it is little short of marvelous how the funds necessary to meet the demands of the collectors are found, and yet it is so deep a disgrace to be expelled that instances of the kind are very rare. To hold membership in a number of societies is regarded as a badge of honor.

Meetings are held monthly in private residences, in public halls or, more frequently still, in churches. These gatherings begin at the fashionable hour of 10 p. m. and continue not infrequently throughout the night. Refreshments are to be had for a small consideration, and as these are for the most part of a liquid nature the sons and daughters are prone to be conspicuous by their absence from their several places of employment next morning. Often the police have to interfere to restore that harmony in which brothers and sisters should ever dwell together.

Among the societies in Charleston are the Sons and Daughters of the Pillgrims, the Sons and Daughters of the Twelve Disciples, the Sons and Daughters of the Bearer of the Cross, the Sons and Daughters of the Evening Star, the Sons and Daughters of the Seventh Star, the Sons and Daughters of the Celestial Travelers, the Sons and Daughters of the Good Samaritan, the Sons and Daughters of the East, the Sons and Daughters of Lazarus, the Sons and Daughters of Christian Love, and there might be added to these fully twoscore of others. The devotion of the negroes to these organizations and their loyalty to their fellow members are absolute.

## The Water Carnivora.

The number of carnivorous creatures found in the water seems out of all proportion to the usual order of nature, but this is perhaps because the minute, almost invisible creatures of which the rivers and ponds are full and which are the main food of the smaller water carnivora, live mainly on decaying vegetable substance, which is practically converted and condensed into microscopic animals before these become in turn the food of others.

It is as if all the trees and grass on land were first eaten by locusts or white ants and the locusts and white ants were then eaten by semicarnivorous cows and sheep, which were in turn eaten by true carnivora. The water weeds, both when living and decaying, are eaten by the entomostraca, the entomostraca are eaten by the larvae of insects, the perfect insects are eaten by the fish and the fish are eaten by men, otters and birds.

## Bald Through Fright.

The recent case of a boy who became bald through fright has been discussed by some people who do not believe it possible. But other cases have occurred. Dr. Pozzi, a Paris physician, once treated a fashionable woman who had been frightened by spending a night in a lonely country villa evading the attacks of her husband, who had been seized with violent hydrophobia. When rescue came, she dropped paralyzed, and during the next few days every hair of her head fell out.—London Standard.

## E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

## REAL ESTATE

## INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

HAMBURG-BREMEN, PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut, AND HOME of New York

...AGENT...

House Broker, Notary Public,

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE, Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL.



## TOWN NEWS

Wet rains.  
Good crop prospects.  
Fullers are again running full handed.

Ground is fine for sowing grass or planting roses.

Miss Lewis spent Thanksgiving with relatives in the city.

McNamara is busy these days delivering wood and coal.

Dr. Plymire reports very little serious sickness in town.

Bob Carroll is improving and will soon be himself again.

Miss Bacher was in San Jose for the Thanksgiving vacation.

No sales of lots or new building contracts to record this week.

Mrs. DuBois has rented one of the Tyson cottages as a residence.

Very little road work doing at present in this immediate vicinity.

Time another honest toiler should become a home-owner in this town.

Look out for resumption of racing at Tanforan as soon as the holidays are over.

Jos. McNamara has been appointed deputy poundkeeper by Poundkeeper Carroll.

Mrs. R. B. Painton has gone to San Jose on business. She will return Monday.

The pottery is turning out the finest kind of terra cotta and sewer pipe by the carload.

For sale at a sacrifice, a lot in the business section. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

Plenty of work at the packing house. Christmas beef, big, fine and fat. Every department busy.

The abundant rains and warm weather has made grass and all green things boom here about.

Jos. Ingram has rented the McCuen building on Grand avenue, where he will run a lodging house.

Baden winds are bad, but you can stop them by planting trees, and this is the season for planting.

Mr. P. R. Brown is getting on all right. A joint more or less off his great toe can't down P. R.

Miner & Wood have the work of putting a new foundation under the Linden House nearly completed.

Contractor Healy is delayed somewhat on the new Rogers building by failure of the plasterers to come to time.

All the old vets in this burg got something from their Uncle Samuel this week. They will blow it in for Christmas.

Jack and Charley Vandenberg, with their good wives, paid the Vandenberg parental tree a visit on Thanksgiving day.

Our rates for local advertisements are very moderate. Every business house in town should have an ad in the Enterprise.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Miss McGovern, with her brother, who is studying dentistry in San Francisco, were at home in Halfmoon Bay for Thanksgiving.

A. J. Nourse has opened a barber shop in the Jorgensen building and has rented the new house of Jno. Brandrup on San Bruno avenue as a residence.

Tom Connolly went out on a hunting trip Monday and Tuesday. The bag of ducks Tom brought home would make a veteran sportsman green with envy.

A new time table went into effect on the Coast division railroad on the 6th inst., but none of the changes made affect materially the train service at this place.

The extension of the S. F. & San Mateo Electric railroad is a standing joke. We were in San Mateo the other day and found that even San Mateans were becoming skeptical.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

Have you noticed the children standing in front of Mrs. Cohen's windows? They are looking at the piles and piles of beautiful Christmas goods inside. Don't be a fool and go away off to the city to buy when you can get what you want at the People's Store.

This is about the end of the year. The price of the Enterprise is only \$1.50 a year. It is a small sum to pay for the town news once a week for 52 weeks. Most of our readers are prompt to pay for the paper. Some have failed or, as we think, forgotten to say that we shall be pleased to have the money, because we need it in our business and for the further reason that those who owe it will feel better if they pay and begin the new year square.

## WAYSIDE NOTES.

There is a young man working at the San Bruno quarry by the name of Russell. "The Tiger," who has aspirations leading toward fisticuffs. Now this young man has castles built in the air, and the Eiffel tower looks like a pigmy in comparison. Near by lives another young man, who, "if" he had been in Jeffries' corner the night of the 15th, the emblem of the fatal sponge would never have had an opportunity to save Ruhlman from a knockout. In fact, he is the Santos-

Dumont who is going to sail all around the man who feels as big as the Eiffel tower, and make him look like the proverbial thirty cents.

We wish to have it understood that both of these fighters are coming dark horses. In fact, they are so far back in the dark that Edison would have a hard time to locate them. To Mr. "Big Collins" falls the credit of bringing these fighters before the public.

It did not take the usual six months to arrange this bout, but each one of the contestants was given fifteen minutes notice that the match had been made and the referee for the battle was then and there on the grounds and had previously had his life insured and was ready to decide the battle of nature's weapons on its merits. Russell, "The Tiger," was favorite at 100 to 99 over Hughie, "The Lion." Not much money changed hands on the contest, as very little was known of the ability of either man, in regard to which could give or take the most punishment. They're off.

Round 1.—They spar; they clinch; The Lion makes a windmill swing and catches The Tiger on the shoulder; The Tiger jabs The Lion in the mouth; clinch; Lion puts left to Tiger's eye; clinch. Honors even.

Round 2.—Lion chases Tiger around the ring until the bell taps.

Round 3.—They spar; they clinch; Lion makes a rush at Tiger; Tiger falls over the ropes in a successful effort to get away.

Round 4.—Both men weary; they spar; they embrace each other; the Tiger soaks the referee for separating them; the referee punches The Lion in the jaw; The Tiger falls down; The Tiger gets up again after taking the count; the referee hands another package to the Lion's jaw; they all mix it just as the bell taps.

Round 5.—Both men seem refreshed; the referee is very tired; they slug; they clinch; both men fall and take the count; The Tiger chases The Lion around the ring; they both fall from exhaustion as the bell taps.

Round 6.—The Tiger makes another windmill swing and blows The Lion over; The Lion makes a rush at The Tiger; they slug; they clinch and fall down; bell.

In the succeeding odd rounds the referee quit the game; The Tiger fanned The Lion and The Lion fanned The Tiger. Both men were exhausted.

The even rounds were fought down in the basement of emergency row.

This fight was fought under the Marcus of Rockquarry rules.

No decision was given and all bets declared off; as it was rumored the thing had been fixed. Wyatt-Ipp was referee; San Bruno Scrib, stakeholder.

It is a pity that the law in regard to shooting on the San Bruno road is not more rigidly enforced. Hoodlums of all descriptions from San Francisco drive on the San Bruno road Sundays and shoot promiscuously, regardless to whom harm may befall.

Last Sunday, while out duck hunting in a rowboat on the bay, a stranger was noticed rowing for dear life toward shore, and it was also noticed that the boat was sinking rapidly.

Finally, when the stranger, through vigorous rowing, reached the shore, and it was easily to be seen why he had extended his ability to row to such an extent. He had only had the small mishap of discharging his gun accidentally and placed two well directed punctures in the bottom of the boat.

The latest out is by Walter Pollard: How to Become a Sport, or High Rolling Made Easy.

At 5:10 in the morning of November 29th, one Geo. Lightall made one of those oft repeated mistakes in lighting a fire with coal oil. It is a custom at Warren's quarry to bank the fires in the boilers in order to carry the heat over the night, and facilitate the work in raising the necessary steam power early in the day. No matter how often one has done those things, he sometimes gets careless. It was his regular duty to start the fire in his boiler, which nearly cost Geo. Lightall his eyesight, and he can consider himself very fortunate in not being burned alive. He had placed the kindling in the hot furnace of the boiler and thrown a oil on the wood. When he attempted to light it the explosion of the elements took place and Geo. Lightall is at the present time nursing two badly burnt hands and a scorched face.

It is all over the San Bruno road. What? Wind.

## A STRANGER'S VIOLENT DEATH

Thomas Bardella Takes Two Bottles of Carbolic Acid With Suicidal Intent.

On Sunday a man giving the name of Thomas Bardella arrived at one of the local hotels from San Francisco and engaged a room for a week, paying for the same in advance.

When the man failed to appear on Monday for breakfast or lunch, the proprietor repaired to his room, where he found the lodger lying upon the bed cold in death. The coroner was notified and took charge of the body and effects.

One six-ounce and one four-ounce bottle of carbolic acid were found on the wash-stand, and a fully-loaded revolver in the bed bore evidence that the man was determined to end his life.

In his pockets were found \$33 in coin and a pass book on the Hibernia Bank showing him to have about \$300 on deposit in that institution.

A jury was empanelled and an inquest will be held tomorrow. The body was removed to Redwood City.—Leader, San Mateo.

## TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Post-office.

## REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

## COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION.

Official Business Transacted by the Supervisors at Monday's Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday. All the supervisors were present except Debenetti, who is still confined to his home.

Thomas McIntyre petitioned the board to refund him \$2.05 taxes paid on personal property which had been removed to San Francisco the time the levy was made. The money was ordered refunded.

At the suggestion of Superintendent Hatch of the county farm the clerk was instructed to advertise for bids for supplies for the county farm.

The petition of F. M. Steele and others of the Fifth township asking for a revision of the game laws was, on motion of McCormick, laid over.

George C. Ross appeared before the board in behalf of Reclamation District 543 and presented an amended contract in connection with the levees, and Mr. Ross asked that the levees be reduced from five to three feet. A. L. Whitney explained the same amount of material would be used and that greater width and less height would make a more substantial levee. A resolution was adopted allowing the change to be made in the contract.

An order was made transferring \$429 from the general fund to the third road fund.

The San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway Company filed a petition for franchise to operate its line from Holy Cross cemetery to Burlingame. The company has a franchise covering the route, but as it has concluded to abandon the right of way along the county road between Millbrae bridge and Baden it would simplify matters by passing a new ordinance.

Judge Brown of San Mateo explained that the company desired to float bonds, and if the present ordinance was allowed to stand some technical lawyers would prevent their sale.

On motion the matter was laid over until December 16th.

At the suggestion of Eikerkotter the clerk was instructed to notify the railroad company to take some action toward putting in bells at the Colma crossing.

The allowance heretofore given Mrs. Maria Rocha of San Mateo was ordered discontinued on motion of Coleman.

A warrant was ordered drawn in favor of C. E. Duggan and James Grady for \$100 for a strip of land near Mills, Colma, for widening the county road. A deed to the strip was filed with the board.

Eikerkotter inquired as to the status of the hack ordinance, a case for the violation of which, was tried before Judge Lorigan over a year ago.

District Attorney Bullock replied that during the trial Judge Lorigan expressed doubts of the validity of the ordinance. However, Mr. Bullock said he would communicate with the judge concerning an early decision in the case.

Eikerkotter was anxious to have some ordinance that would hold water passed so that hackmen could be made to pay.

On motion of Eikerkotter the clerk was instructed to purchase a copy of the road laws for each member of the board.

The board adjourned to Monday, December 16th.

## COUNTY EXPENSES.

Claims Allowed by the Supervisors Monday.

The following claims were allowed against the county by the Supervisors at Monday's meeting.

INDIGENT FUND.

John Lyng.....\$ 5.00  
J. H. Hatch.....9.38  
Mrs. J. H. Hatch.....30.00  
Michael Leonard.....35.00  
James M. Kelly.....39.00  
Levy Bros.....69.15  
Hermann & Co.....40.24  
Paul Bettelheim.....5.75  
I. R. Goodspeed.....50.00  
John E. Bauer.....114.00  
Walter Anderson.....5.00

FIRST BOND FUND.

James P. Quinn.....\$ 12.00  
E. Valencia.....46.00  
P. F. Roberts.....46.70  
Frank Lennon.....7.00  
H. Wall.....30.00  
J. Kennedy.....24.00  
M. Griffin.....6.00  
J. Baraglia.....18.00  
J. Belli.....44.00  
Harry Selicano.....38.00  
E. Biglio.....88.00  
John E. Bauer.....114.00  
F. Buber.....35.00  
R. S. Green.....175.00  
Thos. Callan.....24.00  
Mrs. Callan.....60.00  
John F. Bauer.....6.00  
C. Chaslo.....90.00  
A. Bissett.....79.00  
Thomas Hayes.....8.00  
Mrs. J. P. Sweeney.....88.65  
George Wright.....78.00  
Dennis Murphy.....22.00

FIRST ROAD FUND—SPECIAL.

E. E. Cunningham.....\$ 17.05  
R. S. Green.....94.50  
Mrs. James Kelly.....46.70  
Massi & Bernasini.....55.65  
John Mangini.....45.35  
Chas. Grell.....34.00  
Spring Valley Water Works.....24.45  
W. Rehberg.....20.00  
J. J. Levy.....30.00  
Harry Higway.....6.00  
James McLaughlin.....44.00  
Frank Sanchez.....42.70  
Geo. H. Hughes.....108.00  
Chas. Batteau.....41.00  
O. Hartzell.....47.00  
J. E. Smith.....46.00  
A. Babbett.....18.00  
Mrs. Mary Quinn.....45.35

GENERAL FUND.

Isabel Curran.....\$ 25.00  
Robt. Engle.....6.00  
Redwood City Water Works.....10.95  
Sunset Telephone Co.....18.65  
M. E. Barlow.....53.00  
Fulton & Ross Lumber Co.....22.34  
Sweet & Louspe.....256.20  
B. D. Weeks.....332.77  
Peers & Hughes.....390.40  
Virginia Lumber Co.....80.85  
Times Gazette.....90.27  
Borden & Hatfield.....70.95  
Tacoma Mill Co.....243.80  
J. H. Mansfield.....78.20  
E. M. Tilton.....80.35  
Democrat.....3.35  
G. C. Nahmens.....3.35  
G. C. Pringman.....5.30  
Thomas Harrison.....3.20  
Richard Campbell.....15.80  
Gordon & Jamieson.....64.90  
F. M. Granger.....11.45  
E. D. Moore.....45.00  
Charles George.....45.00

SALARY FUND.

J. H. Coleman.....\$ 79.45  
P. H. McEvoy.....58.10

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash. For full particulars, direct to J. W. H. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

## MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at higher prices and are in demand.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand but at lower prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at easier prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$11 (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8½¢@9¢; 2d quality, 8¢@8½¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6½¢@7½¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6¢@7¢; thin Cows, 4¢@6¢.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 5½¢@5¾¢; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5¼¢@5½¢; rough heavy hogs, 4¢@4½¢.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3½¢@3¾¢; ewes, 3¢@3¼¢; Suckling Lambs, \$2.50@3 per head; or 4¼¢@4½¢ per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5¢@5½¢; over 250 lbs, 4¼¢@4½¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 6¼¢@7¢; second quality, 6¢@6½¢; first quality cows and heifers, 5½¢@6¢; second quality, 5¢@5½¢; third quality, 5¢.

VEAL—Large, 7½¢@8¢; small, good, 8½¢@9¢; common, 8¢.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7½¢@8½¢; Ewes, 6¢@6½¢; Suckling Lambs, 7½¢@8½¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8½¢@8¾¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13¢@14¢; picnic hams, 10½¢; Atlanta ham, 10½¢; New York, shoulder, 10½¢.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15¢; light S. C. bacon, 14¢; med. bacon, clear, 11½¢; Lt. med. bacon clear, 12¢; clear light, 13¢; clear ex. light, 14¢.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.25; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; hf-bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10½¢; do, light, 10½¢; do, bellies, 10½¢; Extra Clear, bbls, \$21.00; hf-bbls, \$10.75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4.40; do, kits, \$1.20.

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In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins; Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s, \$1.25; Roast Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s, \$1.25.

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## STRANGER AND TIGER

### THE MAN OUTSIDE THE CAGE KNEW THE BEAST.

He Had Felt the Fangs of the Animal's Mother in the Jungle—An East Indian Adventure That Might Easily Have Resulted Fatally.

"Fine animal," ventured the reporter to the stranger, who had stood for half an hour in front of a cage in the New York Central Park zoo, containing a splendid Indian tiger. The man raised a sallow, thin face, in which a pair of steely gray eyes, steady as a church, were the only feature.

"Yes," he said, with a nod of assent. "Know him?" "Yes, rather."

"Did you capture him?" asked the reporter as a venture.

"Yes."

That was not the answer expected. Then the stranger sat down in the "hospital" of the menagerie, in the little shed behind the elephants' house, where Keeper Snider has traveling cages in which he treats lions when they suffer from locomotor ataxia and tigers and tigresses when they have their occasional illnesses. Seating himself on a bale of hay and hugging his knees with his hands, he began:

"I trapped that tiger when he was a little fellow and his mother had trapped me when I did it. I sold him to Hagenbeck of Hamburg by the time I had fully recovered from my encounter and Hagenbeck traded him to the menagerie here in part exchange for a baby hippopotamus. You may not think it, but a man has a weakness for the welfare of animals he catches. I happened to be in New York and to remember that my friend the tiger lived here, and that I might look upon him to see what kind of a chap he made."

"By the middle of the afternoon I had seen what I wanted of my land and was ready, accompanied by my two men, to return to my bungalow. One of these I had left with my horse about a mile back, where there were shade and grass; the other I now sent to the rear to notify the man with the horse to bring the animal around by the road to a point where I would meet them. I went my way, picking it along a jungle trail to the point designated. Along the sides of the trail was bamboo grass higher than my own head, and to make the thicket even denser there were interspersed with the grass clumps of bushes and low-topped korinda, and here and there trees."

"I had left my rifle with the man with the horse, and it was not until now that a feeling of uneasiness crept over me, and I felt that I would be a bit more confident had I the weapon with me. I argued down my fears, however, and was strolling along the trail, when, without an instant's warning, there was a tremendous commotion in the tall grass. The bushes directly in front of me moved violently, then parted, and before I had time to realize fully there was a vision of yellowness, a deep-throated roar, and a tigress had me, her hot, ill-smelling breath brushed my face, and she fastened her jaws into my shoulders in a single mighty crunch. Just then there was a noise in the roadway and the animal raised her head. In another moment she had swung me clear of the ground, and carrying me by the shoulder bounded off in great leaps."

"The tigress carried me all of fifty yards before she set me down in her home, where there were two tiny cubs, their eyes not yet open. The tigress retreated, crouching, and gazed at me from springing distance, as if she was praying for me to make a move for the sake of enlivening the fun. Then a sound broke the stillness. I saw the brute whirl toward the direction from which it came and she rose to her hind feet. But before she could make a move a shot rang out and a bullet crashed through the tigress' heart. She fell, turning a half somersault, and lay still. An East Indian tiger hunter, Dassa Balhna, came toward me from out of a tree, where he had been laying for the tigress for many a day."

"Dassa caught both of the kittens in his arms and they nestled close, poor orphans, searching about his brown body for the dinner which they thought was long coming. I was borne to the hut of Dassa, and in three weeks, when I had somewhat recovered, was taken to my own bungalow, where, under skillful treatment, my wounds repaired as much as they will ever repair."

"Dassa raised both kittens until they were able to eat solid food, when one night one of them broke a chain and escaped. The other he presented to me, for we had come to know each other well and had by that time hunted much together."

"The stranger opened a loose outing shirt, drew the shirt partially off and showed the gnarled and purple marks deep in his shoulder and the upper part of his arm."

"There are the scars of that day's work and the little tiger is now the big one in the cage in the lion's house. You see the scars and you see the tiger in the cage. See for yourself if the records of the menagerie do not show that Hagenbeck traded the tiger to the menagerie."

And in the record of the menagerie, says the New York Times, was found the entry where Hagenbeck had traded the tiger in part payment of a baby hippopotamus.

#### POLA AND THE BISCUITS.

The Little Samoan Had Lied in a Good Cause.

During her residence in Samoa, Mrs. Isobel Strong, the stepdaughter and amanuensis of Robert Louis Stevenson, adopted a native boy, named Pola. He

was a most delightful child, and well deserves the name which she gives him in Scribner's Magazine, "A Little Savage Gentleman." And yet he did tell one lie, but it was under circumstances which made it easy to forgive him.

Mrs. Strong had given the boy two large ship biscuits one morning, but instead of eating them, he asked leave to carry them home, for he served his adopted mother by day and his own mother by night.

"Eat them," she said, "and I will give you more."

"Before leaving that night," she records, "he came to remind me of this. I was swinging in a hammock, reading, when Pola came to kiss my hand and bid me good-night."

"Love," said, 'Talofa.'

"Sofua," Pola replied, 'may you sleep,' and then added, 'Be not angry; but the ship's biscuits—'

"Are you hungry?" I asked. "Didn't you have your dinner?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of pea-soup" (a general name for anything in tins), 'but you said, in your high-chief kindness, that if I ate the two biscuits you would give me more to take home.'

"And you ate them?"

"He hesitated a perceptible moment, and then said, 'Yes, I ate them.' He looked so glowing and sweet, leaning forward to beg a favor, that I suddenly pulled him to me by his bare brown shoulders for a kiss. He fell against the hammock and two large, round ship's biscuits slipped from under his lava-lava."

"O Pola," I cried, reproachfully. It cut me to the heart that he should lie to me."

Indeed, it was a tragic moment; for the child, too, although he repressed his tears, was evidently suffering. But Mrs. Strong's tact was equal to the occasion. She uttered no further reproach, but simply promised the two biscuits if he would explain why he had lied for them."

"Teulla" (his name for Mrs. Strong), he cried, anxiously, 'I love you! I would not pain your heart for all the world. But they are starving in the village. My father, the chief, divides the food so that each child and old person and all shall share alike; and to-day there was only green baked bananas, two each, and to-night when I return there will be again a division of one for each member of the village. It seems hard that I should come here and eat and eat, and my brother and my two little sisters and the good Tuman' (his mother) 'should have only one banana. So I thought I would say to you, 'Behold, I have eaten the two biscuits,' and then you would give me two more, and that would be enough for one each to my two sisters and Tuman and my brother, who is older than I.'"

It was all true. There was famine in the village, but the Samoans were too proud to mention it; and only through little Pola's disclosure was it discovered and relieved.

#### Willing to Oblige.

An Englishman at a dinner once told a tale of a tiger he had shot which measured twenty-four feet from snout to tail-tip. Everyone was astonished, but no one ventured to insinuate a doubt of the truth of the story.

Presently a Scotsman told his tale. He had once caught a fish which he said he was unable to pull in alone, managing only to land it at last with the aid of six friends. "It was a skate, and it covered two acres."

Silence followed this recital, during which the offended Englishman left the table. The host followed. After returning, he said to the Scotsman: "Sir, you have insulted my friend. You must apologize."

"I dinna insult him," said the Scot. "Yes you did, with your two-acre fish story. You must apologize."

"Well," said the offender, slowly, with the air of one making a great concession, "tell him if he will take ten feet off that tiger I will see what I can do with the fish."—London Tit-Bits.

#### Distinctive "Reading."

An aged colored man, who is well known to some of the attaches of the city hall, for whom he frequently does odd jobs at their homes, is familiarly called by the sobriquet of "Tute." One day "Tute" asked one of his many employers if he would kindly read a note for him. The request was complied with, and it proved to be a call upon "Tute's" services as a whitewasher and cleaner of cellars. "Why, 'Tute,'" said the man, "this is very plainly written, and you surely ought to be able to read this yourself, for I have frequently seen you reading the papers."

"Well, that's just it," replied "Tute." "Ye see, I can't read writin' readin', but I kin read readin' readin'." This peculiar explanation revealed that "Tute" could manage to read print, but was unable to read writing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### Two Notable Exceptions.

The Irish are scarcely less noted for their gallantry than for their wit, and an example of this virtue is found in the case of an Irish judge who presided at a trial in which the plaintiffs were a lady and her daughter.

In summing up the case, the judge thus gallantly began: "Gentlemen of the jury: Everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter."

#### Town Is Given a Bridge.

A new form of benefaction to a New England town is that taken in the gift of Francis Schell, of New York, who has given Northfield, Mass., a \$32,000 bridge.

If a lawyer looks far enough, and waits long enough, he can find a Supreme Court decision on any side of any case. Just as a doctor can be found to swear to the opposite of what another doctor swears to.

## OF INTEREST TO THE FARMERS

### Helpful Suggestions To Those Who Keep Pace With the March of Progress.

#### WASHINGTON FRUIT PROSPECTS.

The great apple crop of this year and the high prices prevailing for all fruit has started a tree-planting boom similar to that of the early nineties when the possibilities of horticulture in Washington first became generally known. This year the fruit crop has brought about \$2,000,000 into the State and scores of individual farmers and horticulturists have made fortunes of \$3,000 to \$12,000 each from orchards ranging in size from 40 to 200 acres.

State Horticultural Commissioner Van Holderbeke announces that fully a quarter of a million fruit trees will be planted by Washington orchardists during this fall. He estimates that 100,000 were planted during October, of which nearly half were set out in Chelan and Okanogan counties, heretofore noted chiefly for their mineral productions. The largest acreage is being planted in Western Washington and comprises hardy winter apples and pines. In Eastern Washington most fruit-growers do their planting in the spring.

#### NEEDS OF THE PINEAPPLE.

To the general observer it may seem that a climate whose temperature never reaches the freezing point is all that is necessary to produce pineapples; but when the matter is studied more closely it is found that it requires more than temperature to produce that fruit. Peter H. Rolfs, pathologist in charge of the Government tropical laboratory, says: A matured leaf will lie upon a table in a dwelling for two months without decaying or drying up, but it will rot in less than two weeks if it be placed in an atmosphere saturated with moisture. Pineapple plants may be shipped from the Hawaiian Islands to Florida if they be kept dry.

The culture of this crop should not be attempted in a latitude where winter frosts occur unless one is prepared to provide the proper protection. All of the region in Florida north of Palm Beach and Fort Meade are subject to occasional winter freezes which cause great losses to the pineapple growers unless their fields are protected by some artificial means. In this region there are some favored localities that did not suffer during the recent severe freezes. Neither does the pineapple flourish in the extremely hot portions of the globe. Its largest acreage is confined to the islands or to the sea coast.

The best pineapple region in the world has a mean temperature of from 75 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit. Key West, off the coast of Florida, has a mean annual temperature of about 76 degrees; Jupiter, in the midst of the pineapple region, about 73 degrees. The mean annual temperature in a large part of the pineapple section of Florida is thus comparatively low.

The proper selection of soil for pineapples is the most important problem in connection with their culture. The requirements of this plant in this respect are so different from the ordinary fruits that it took many experiments to convince the would-be pineapple grower that he has here a plant that demands a soil utterly intolerable to the ordinary crops of vegetables. This crop can be grown upon land that will produce ordinary vegetables but the soil must be of a loose and open nature and not allowed to become water-soaked. It is not the fertility nor the humus in the soil that is detrimental to the pineapple, but it is the want of free drainage.

The soil prepared by the gardeners who

grow this crop under glass illustrates this point. Their standard formula is about as follows: Two parts decomposed fibrous loam, one part well decayed manure, another part one-half inch bones and powdered oyster shells. From this it is seen that even where the control over temperature and moisture is the most perfect, the texture of the favorite soil is open and decidedly loose. The directions for watering are fully as interesting; "moderately in winter and freely in summer."—California Fruit Grower.

#### RAISING TURKEYS.

Give them liberty on dry, warm days. Feed nothing the first twenty-four hours after they are hatched.

Before putting them in the coop, see that it is perfectly clean and free from lice, and dust them three times a week with insect powder.

Be sure the hen is free from lice. Dust her, too.

Look out for mites and the large lice on the heads, necks and vents. Grease heads, necks and vents with lard, but avoid kerosene.

Filth will soon make short work of them. Feed on clean surface. Give water in a manner so that they can only wet their beaks.

The first week feed a mixture of one egg (beaten) and sifted ground oats, mixed, with salt to taste, and cooked as bread; then crumble for them, with milk or curds, so that they can drink all they want. Feed every two hours early and late.

Give a little raw meat every day; also fine chopped onions or other tender green feed.

After the first week, keep wheat and ground bones in boxes before them all the time, but feed three times a day, on a mixture of cornmeal, wheat middlings, ground oats, all cooked, and to which chopped green food is added.

Mashed potatoes, cooked turnips, cold rice and such, will always be in order.

Too many hard-boiled eggs will cause bowel disease.

Remove coop to fresh ground often, in order to avoid filth.

Finely cut fresh bones from the butcher's, with the adhering meat, are excellent.

Ground bone, fine gravel, ground shells and a dust bath must be provided.

They must be carefully attended to until well feathered.

A single union of a male and female fertilizes all the eggs the hen will lay for the season; hence, one gobbler will suffice for twenty or more hens.

It is not advisable to mate a forty-pound gobbler with common hens, as the result will be injury. A medium-sized gobbler is better.

Young gobblers may be distinguished from the females by being heavier, more masculine in appearance, more carunculated on the head, and by a development of the "tassels" in the breast. A little experience may be required at first.

Adult turkeys cannot be kept in confinement, as they will soon pine away. By feeding them in the barn yard a little, night and morning, they will not stray off very far, but they cannot be entirely prevented from roaming, and the hen prefers to make her own nest.—Poultry Keeper.

#### LOOK FOR PEACH WORMS.

A peach grower writes a note of inquiry as to what can be done to prevent the ravages of the peach worm that was so destructive last season, both to fruit and foliage. Winter spraying will curtail the ravages of this insect. The winter crop finds lodgment in the outer bark of the trees, and may be easily reached by the use of any good emulsion or with the ordinary lime-sulphur-salt mixture. Entomologists tell us that it is the second crop that does the harm, as those left over winter breed early and the genera-

tion is abundant by the time the fruit is maturing. Peach growers should begin on this worm in time, as from last season's experience they may expect this insect to become one of the worst pests the peach has had to contend against.

#### THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

##### One of the Ancient Seven Wonders of the World.

The ancients succeeded in making that alloy of copper which is known as bronze. Among the seven wonders of the world was the famous statue, wholly made of bronze, historically known as the colossus of Rhodes. It represented Phobus, the national deity of the Rhodians. It was begun by Chares, a pupil of Lysippus, the sculptor, and was completed by Laches 283 B. C. The popular belief is that it stood astride the harbor of Rhodes, that it was 105 feet high and that ships could easily sail between its legs.

Pliny said that few men could clasp its thumb. It was cast on metal plates, afterward joined together, and this process occupied twelve years. In the interior was a spiral staircase reaching into its head, and in a great mirror suspended to its neck were reflected the coast of Syria and the ships sailing to Egypt.

After it had stood for sixty-four years this colossus was overthrown by an earthquake, and its remains lay on the shore for 923 years—that is, until A. D. 672—when they were sold by the Saracens to a Hebrew dealer. The original cost was 300 talents—say, \$6,000,000—and it is not too much to say that a similar image might be constructed now in one-fourth of the time and at one-third of the original cost. Rhodes, by the way, must have had colossus on the brain, for Pliny relates that the port was adorned with 1,000 colossal statues of the sun.

#### Men's Hatboxes.

"It might seem," said a trunk and bag manufacturer, "that a man's hatbox was just a hatbox; but, as a matter of fact, men's hatboxes are made in very considerable variety. They are oval and square and oblong as to form, of sole leather, or harness leather and of enameled leather as to material and of various capacities, from boxes designed for one hat to boxes for four hats. And there are made in the oval shape boxes with a removable center section in which, according as that section is taken out or left in, can be carried one hat or three."

"And some hatboxes have a tray for collars and cuffs, and so on, and in some the hat bows are removable, so that upon occasion the box can be turned into a good sized plain case that can be used for any purpose whatever."—New York Sun.

#### Both Rather Flippant.

There is a curious parallelism between two stories told respectively of the late Mr. Spurgeon and of Dean Swift. Mr. Spurgeon, on hearing of the devastation wrought by an earthquake in Essex, merely remarked, "I am glad to hear that my country is moving at last."

The dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was watching with a friend the roof of a building on which several men were at work fixing slates. Suddenly one of the men vanished. Thereupon the dean turned to his companion and said, "I like to see a man go quickly through his work."

#### A Sentimentalist.

Johnny Sizzletop—Electricity is a great thing!

Willie Boerum—W-why, yes, but there isn't half the fun pushing electric buttons at folks' front doors that there is pulling the old fashioned doorbells!—Brooklyn Eagle.

#### Substitute For Soap.

There are a few people to whose skins soap seems an irritant. They should use bran. The sons of one of the old kings of Holland were forbidden the use of soap. They were to use bran and a slice of lemon, the latter to remove inkstains. Napoleon never used soap, but kept his hands beautifully white by the use of bran.

#### A DUEL AND A JOKE.

##### Count Boni de Castellane's First Affair Upon the Field of Honor.

Count Boni de Castellane's first duel was when he had just come from school. Lad as he was, he could ride, shoot and handle a sword, but he was still very young, very bashful, rather green. At the club to which he had just been admitted some of the men, whom life made cynical, began to guy him. It was easy to stir up his anger, for they chattered scandal about a woman he knew. He pulled over the table and struck one of the men. The next day he received a challenge. In good faith he selected two good clubmen as his seconds. In all this the club fellows saw only a joke, and when the arrangements were hurried and the two opponents stood face to face in a meadow near the Seine the pistols were loaded—with blackened bread crumbs. "One, two, three!" They fired together. The clubman gave a great cry and fell to the ground groaning. "He's fatally wounded—dying!" the seconds exclaimed, choking with laughter.

De Castellane felt the heart in him run away like water. He had killed a man. It was not possible!

"Dead?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," said the corpse and sat up grinning.

The schoolboy looked at the laughing clubmen and saw the joke they had played on him. He stooped and caught the corpse by the ankle, dragged it a bit and with a sudden jerk tossed it ten feet into the river.

"Then I'll bury it," said he.

As the clubman crawled from the river, dripping mud and water, they decided the joke was on him.—Saturday Evening Post.

#### He Was Selfish.

An Arabic anecdote illustrative of the subtleness of selfishness, which enables it to glide into the heart of a saint, is told of the holy Mohammedan Sakati.

He said that for twenty years he had never ceased imploring divine pardon for having once exclaimed, "Praise be to God!" On being asked the reason for such persistent praying he answered:

"A fire broke out in Bagdad, and a person came to me and told me that my ship had escaped, on which I uttered those words, and even to this moment I regret of having said so, because it showed that I wished better to myself than to others."

#### A Living Emetic.

A servant who did not find her way very promptly to the kitchen one morning was visited by her mistress, who found her lying on the floor, suffering from pain and violent sickness. She explained that she had a cold and had taken some medicine which had been recommended for the children.

"How much did you take?" asked her mistress.

"Well, mum, I went by the directions on the bottle. They said, 'Ten drops for an infant, thirty drops for an adult and a tablespoonful for an emetic.' I knew I wasn't an infant or adult, so I thought I must be an emetic, and the pesky stuff has pretty nigh turned me inside out."—Medical Brief.

#### The "Extra Horse."

A lover of horses recently noticed a custom in France which he thinks ought to be adopted in this country. On every street in France which has a steep grade there is stationed an "extra horse." The law compels draymen and others to make use of this horse until the summit of the hill is reached, and there is a heavy fine for refusing to hire the extra horse at a small fixed rate. Placards by the roadside indicate the point where the extra horse should be taken on and also where he may be dispensed with.

#### Troubles of Her Own.

Mistress—Mary, Mary! I've just broken my handglass. You know how unlucky it is—seven years' unhappiness.

Maid—Oh, that's nothin', ma'am! 'Ow about me? I've just smashed the large glass in the drawing room."—Glasgow Evening Times.

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## who are well informed

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The sale of millions of bottles annually for many years past, and the universal satisfaction which it has given confirm the claim we make, that it possesses the qualities which commend it to public favor.

## Its Excellence

is due to the originality and simplicity of the combination and also to the method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and which ensures that perfect purity and uniformity of product essential to the ideal home laxative. In order to get

## Its Beneficial Effects

always buy the genuine and note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package. In the process of manufacturing figs are used as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**

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For sale by all druggists — Price fifty cents per bottle.



# TO-DAY.

You're going to start for the top of the hill  
And blazon your name to the world;  
All obstacles passed by the strength of your will,  
Your banner triumphant unfurled,  
You'll fling to the breezes that flow from the sky  
All never earth-tainted you say;  
'Tis noble and grand and delightful; but why—  
But why don't you do it to-day?

The good that you think and the good that you do  
Are millions of long miles apart;  
What good to the earth, if you're good and you're true—  
But never outside of your heart?  
The generous deeds you intend to perform  
Are all very lovely; but say,  
While your soul is so high and your heart is so warm,  
Why don't you perform them to-day?  
—San Francisco Bulletin.

## In Death's Head Valley

WHEN Jessie's father, Simon Ogilvie, acquired his coffee estate on the summit of Santa Nita, Colombia, South America, in the central Andes, he knew little of the climate he was about to face, and Jessie knew less. But he was a brave man, and "faced the music" gayly, and made a lot of money, while Jessie seemed to find nights of thunderstorm and days of steamy heat agree with her perfectly. Not a girl in all Colombia half so fair as she, with her black hair and brown eyes, and 5 feet 11 inches of noble young womanhood.

She was loved "passionately madly" by two men, "madly passionately" by seventeen others, and quietly and undemonstratively by a twentieth. The two "passionate mad" adorners were Spanish-Colombians, Pedro and Fernando.



STRUCK IT ON THE HEAD AGAIN AND AGAIN.

Ando by name. The seventeen "mad passionate" ones didn't count. The undemonstrative one was Algie Bruce, and he was the only one of whom Jessie appeared to take any notice at all, and that seemed only a contemptuous notice.

"He is so tame," she would say to her father.

"He's a good deal of a man for all that," her father would reply with a quiet smile.

Pedro and Fernando had been bosom friends till Jessie came. Then they immediately became bosom enemies. Twice under the cover of darkness had Pedro sought Fernando's life with his glittering forest knife. Thrice had Fernando hissed an awful vow straight into Pedro's face that the day he (Pedro) won the love of Jessie would be his last! They watched her wherever she went. Did she appear on the doorstep of her father's wooden house they would spring from behind trees and help her into her saddle. Did she come climbing up the mountain with water from the well, they would scamper down to relieve her of her pails. And of an evening, while she would be singing ballads to her father in the drawing room, they would be flattening their noses against the window, hissing forth their love for her and their hate for each other, and finally turning with a roar of disgust and burying their fingers in each other's throats. They were a nice, engaging couple.

It was a May morning. After a night of equatorial thunderstorm, the sun was shining gloriously upon the world of green hill and forest, and far away in Venezuela gleamed the white heights of the Sierra Nevada, wrapped in their mantle of eternal snow. Jessie stepped forth from the house, a basket in one hand and a pair of large scissors in the other, and in the same moment Pedro and Fernando also sprang forth, the one from behind a large aloe, the other from the shadow of a pile of deal boxes.

"Where are you going?" shouted the two ruffians, as gently as possible.

"Where neither of you cowards will follow me," laughed the girl.

"I would follow you to —!" Pedro screamed, stopping abruptly.

"So would I!" yelled Fernando.

"Where are you going?"

"To gather orchids in Death's Head Valley," replied the girl, still smiling.

The two men started, and their brown faces turned a little pale.

"I saw a patch on one of the trees, looking down from my window last evening, and I'm going to have it."

"But it's a certain death!" shouted the two men.

"Not it!" said Jessie. "I'll come back safely you'll find."

"You shan't go!" hissed Pedro, advancing, but Jessie fixed her brown eyes steadily upon him, and her shoulders went back, and her right arm was raised slowly. She seemed about to brush him from her path. And he retreated with a muttered apology.

At that moment Algie strolled on the lawn, ceremoniously raised his big linen cap, and said in that elaborately courteous voice of his, "Good morning, Miss Jessie, can I be of any use?"

"I am going for some orchids down in Death's Head Valley," she said.

"You can come with me if you are not afraid."

"I slept there last night," said Algie, calmly.

Jessie gave a look at the other two, who were glaring with hate at Algie, then turned to the young American and started off with him down the hill.

Pedro hissed an oath at Fernando, who shouted back a curse; then the two closed and fought each other with knives till Mr. Ogilvie came out and drove them away with a whip.

Only those who have been in Death's Head Valley know what sort of a place it is. At the bottom of it the Rio Cauca runs rapidly along between its banks and boulders, hissing and foaming and roaring; and in the quiet back water of the river lie hungry alligators waiting for something fleshy to take a snap at. Snakes of all lengths between six inches and fifteen feet lie sleeping in the long moist grass; mosquitoes in myriads buzz and sting; long lizards skurry up and down the smooth trunks of the trees; and the monotonous sss-krrr of the "scissor grinder" sounds all day in the thick roof of foliage overhead. It is not a nice place for a Sunday school picnic, and long before Jessie had reached the bottom she had begun to wish she hadn't come, but the calm young man beside her made her feel ashamed of owing up.

They walked beside the river, and little lobsterlike black insects gave both of them agony. They entered an open glade and a ferocious snake suddenly reared up before them and was only dodged with difficulty, Algie giving him a crack on the head with his stick as he passed that left him powerless for all further malice, in this world. Wherever they went they encountered fresh dangers; and, all the while, unseen and unknown by either of them, a big leopard was stealthily dogging their steps, keeping artfully in the shadow, but with eyes that ever burned and glared, two circles of green malignant fire.

At last they reached the tree on whose topmost branches were blooming the orchids Jessie had seen.

"How high they are!" said the girl, looking up. "I thought the tree was quite a short one."

"Not too high for me," answered Algie, preparing to climb.

"No, no; don't attempt it," cried the girl. "Half the branches seem rotten. You might fall and be killed."

"And what if I were?" Who would miss me? Not a soul!" And he gave a short laugh that was a little bitter.

"Do you say that because I brought you down here?" asked Jessie, slowly.

"I never dared to think of you as taking the smallest interest in me, one way or the other."

"Why?" asked Jessie, making the soft eyes at him. And the leopard behind, seeing them thus absorbed in one another, crept a little nearer.

"Don't look at me like that!" cried Algie, as her face suddenly paled and her eyes opened wide with horror.

"Turn quickly," whispered Jessie, but she was too late. The beast was upon him, its claws in his shoulders, and its teeth in his neck. He turned and writhed, but the brute stuck to him; he gave the stick to Jessie, and with scream upon scream she struck it on the head again and again, while the blood poured down the lad's shoulders, and his strength was visibly ebbing away.

At last she brought the cudgel down upon the animal's head with a force that broke its skull, and it relinquished its hold and fell to the earth dead; and Algie fell back upon it in a swoon.

Jessie knelt beside him, wiped the blood from his face and neck, and bathed him with water from the river. Hour after hour passed, and though he opened his eyes and spoke to her he was utterly unable to rise. At last the sun set, the forest darkened, the lantern flies began to dart hither and thither, and a tear fell upon the lad's face.

"I feel as though I were dying," he murmured, faintly.

"No," cried Jessie, and leaped to her feet. "Help! Help!" she screamed at the top of her voice. "Help! Help! Help!" And the echoes died away in the blackness of the night.

"Good-by," whispered Algie. "Will you kiss me once?"

She stooped and pressed her lips against him and his head fell back.

But he was not dead. O, dear no. That kiss, with the magic force that a kiss may have, had revived him—put life into him, set the blood running fast once more, and presently he raised his head again and said:

"Jessie."

"Yes, darling."

"I believe I shall live."

Then came a great noise of men calling, and a great flashing of big lamps, and a wild cry in a woman's voice; and half an hour later Algie was being borne back to Santa Nita, his hand held by Jessie.

And sometimes now he tells his bounding boys of the night he and their mother once spent in the Colombian forest. But Jessie listens to it with fear and trembling.—Chicago Tribune.

# SURPLUS HONEY.

Take away all surplus honey that is completed and in good marketable shape immediately after the honey season. This should be done promptly by the time the bees have quit storing, as the honey will have a much better appearance than if left on until later. All the surplus boxes should not be removed, but they may be reduced to about half the space occupied during the honey flow. Where double tiers were used single tiers may now take their place. The unfinished sections are best left in the hives and later there may be a small honey flow that will enable the bees to complete them.

Just at the close of the honey season, if we have been using the extractor, we may do well by omitting extracting the remainder of frames that are filled and place these away for the purpose of supplying hives in the fall the necessary stores to carry them over the winter. There are usually some that do

not have enough honey, and these frames of sealed stores are better for them than to feed, except feeding is done very early.

Some of these frames of honey come in good place the following spring also, and a supply of them on hand for this purpose is much ahead of having to feed the bees in case of a shortage.

It is always in order to keep an eye out for good wintering, and it is none too soon to begin now to arrange for it. The most important thing now is to see that every colony has a good queen and that she is keeping a supply of brood in the combs. It is of but little use to depend upon old or defective queens, for all colonies containing such will be of but little use the following spring.

## REVIVING CHILLED LAMBS.

The best of shepherds, where he has to attend to a large flock single handed, is liable to have a chilled lamb to fuss

with once in a while. A shepherd, like any other human being, cannot work day and night, only for a limited period. In spite of everything he may do the small, weak lamb will put in its appearance, and generally on a cold day or night, or when the shepherd is taking a much needed rest, the consequence being that it becomes chilled and a burden to the shepherd. With all the care it receives it will hover between life and death for several days, and even then play out. Of course the longer a lamb stays without being attended to after becoming chilled the more trouble it is to resuscitate it. A lamb that has been chilled is very susceptible to constipation, especially after being revived by the warm bath treatment. The plan that has invariably given the most satisfaction has been to wrap the patient in warm flannel, place it near the stove and give it a little warm milk, into which has been put a small quantity of gin. If at any time after being revived it should appear dull,

sleepy and refuse to partake of nourishment, it may be safe to say that it is suffering from constipation.

There are many wild fruits that the farmers for the south and east are enjoying now that could easily be enjoyed by our farmers if they would take the trouble to plant them. Three of the principal ones are the pawpaw, persimmon and wild grape. The persimmon were tried in the Willamette valley, grows to greater perfection than anywhere that we have ever seen, and the few pawpaws observed by us are simply perfection. We have never yet seen any of the wild grape, but they will grow in any place that the other two named fruits can be produced. None of these fruits would pay for a large production, but they are all excellent home delicacies and a ready sale could be found for small quantities of any of them at good prices. There are already a few persimmons finding their way to the markets.

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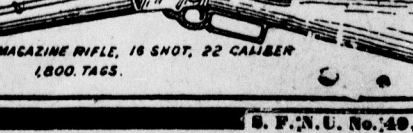
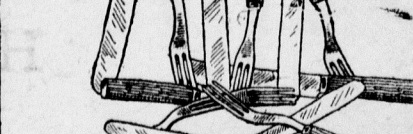
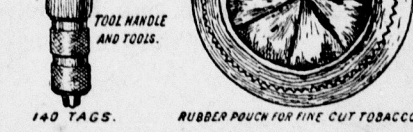
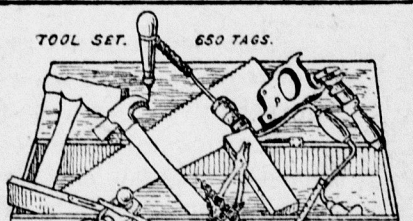
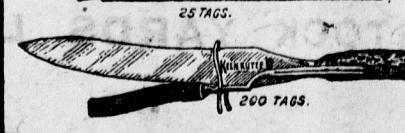
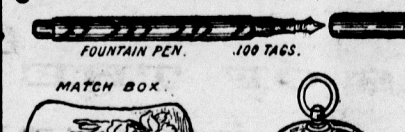
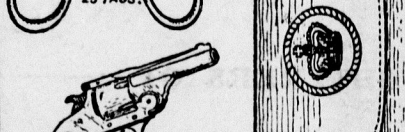
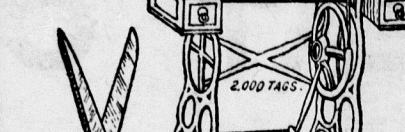
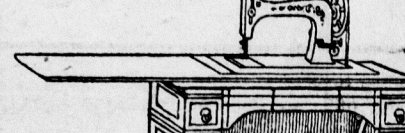
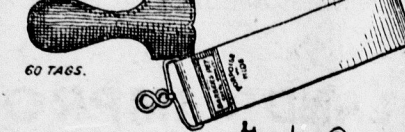
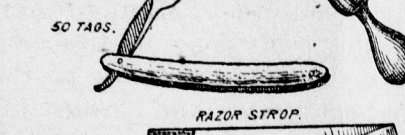
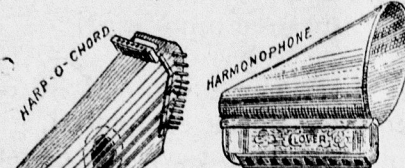
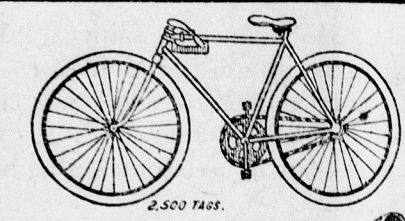
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